

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

DECEMBER, 1896.

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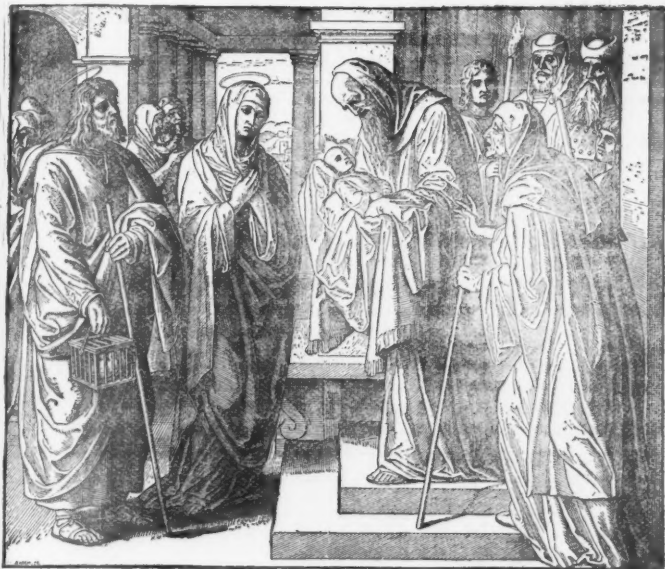
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History and Mystery.

THE romantic story of the Kidnapped Priest with which the Bishop of Marlborough regaled the Highgate Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, is, on more than one account, well worthy of attention. It is a melancholy illustration of the evil effects of zeal untempered by discretion, and of the premature fate of a promising legend thrust untimely before the world and blighted in the bud by the cold blast of publicity, whereas with a little care and circumspection it would assuredly have bloomed into a standing ornament of the anti-Catholic tradition. The story itself was eminently qualified to succeed. A priest, on whose mind the light of Gospel truth had dawned, kidnapped in the midst of London, after being persistently "shadowed" by Romish emissaries, hustled into a cab, spirited across the Channel, and safely immured in a dungeon, in spite of all the officials of the German Empire—here were the elements of as much in the way of sensation as the most exacting appetite could require. Moreover, the incidents alleged to have occurred, were, according to all ordinary rules, manifestly incredible, and it was plain that such things could not conceivably be accomplished by mere human criminals, however wicked—therefore were they all the more certain to obtain credence in connection with the subtle and mysterious agencies which the Catholic Church is known to have at her disposal; for is it not a first principle, that nothing which regards her is to be judged by common standards, and that it is superfluous to test what tells to her discredit by any considerations of probability or possibility, for what is most wildly impracticable is most natural for her to do? It was, likewise, quite in accordance with the fitness of things that those aware of a transaction, which not only furnished a shocking instance of ecclesiastical vindictiveness, but constituted a gross violation of British law, should have breathed no word of it to the proper authorities, who could intervene

on behalf of the wretched captive, and that the horrible tale should be reserved for a local Bible Society meeting, to harrow the souls of the worthy persons there assembled; the narrator having seemingly taken so little interest in the subject meanwhile as to have forgotten the very name of the glorious martyr whose woes he detailed. If it be true—as the newspapers have it—that the Bishop of London intended to re-ordain the priest in question, another interesting feature is introduced, and one that must be gratifying to Anglicans of the type upon which the Bible Society chiefly relies, for it would appear that, long before the issue of the recent Bull, the present Anglican Primate considered Roman Orders to be something quite different from those which he himself had power to confer.

Yet, in spite of so many points in its favour, the new legend has not been a success, having encountered a fatal accident at the outset of its career. Had it been judiciously fostered in a safe and tranquil obscurity, till it had struck its roots in many minds, and obtained a prescriptive authority as having never been contradicted, because it was never brought to the knowledge of those who could contradict it, it might in good time, when contemporaries had disappeared, have ventured forth placidly upon platforms and in pulpits, and have taken its place in the ranks of other stories like itself. But the fates were against it; it was thrust upon the world before its time, and died of the curiosity which its appearance excited. There was found to be absolutely no foundation for the thrilling particulars confided to the Highgate Auxiliary, and there speedily ensued an edifying game of hunt-the-slipper, everybody cited as a witness promptly endeavouring to get rid of his responsibility by passing it on to everybody else.

Such a miscarriage affords a precious opportunity of studying a myth in its embryonic stage, and must attract the attention of philosophers who would trace the course of legendary evolution. One point in particular, which has hitherto attracted little observation, appears to be so fundamentally important as to demand some consideration.

The tale breathed into the ears of the Highgate Auxiliaries speedily found itself proclaimed on the house-tops, being considered far too good to be withheld from the world outside, and accordingly it made its appearance without loss of time in the London newspapers. Naturally, it aroused the attention of a public ever on the watch for a new excitement, and an

enterprising journalist hastened to interview the Bishop, in order to obtain fuller information at the fountain-head. To his surprise, he found that his Lordship had little or none to give. The name of the abducted priest he could not supply without reference to his books, and for this he really had not time. The story, of course, was true, of that the Bishop had no doubt; it was certainly a *bond fide* case; but to give facts in detail the same books must be called into requisition, and, moreover, the persons who had in the first place supplied the information they contained; for it was so long ago, and his Lordship had been so much occupied in the meantime, that he really could say no more. But on one point he was perfectly clear, and upon it he insisted with an emphasis which seemed to imply that he felt himself thereby absolved from all responsibility, and under no obligation to supply information the demand for which he might treat as impertinent. "It was a private meeting," said his Lordship, in an aggrieved tone, "a distinctly private meeting, and no reporters were present;" and accordingly he showed himself "rather vexed, not to say angry," at the unexpected turn which things had taken.¹

As to this remarkable line of defence, there arises a question of fact, there being strong evidence that not only were there reporters present, but that they were present by invitation.² But for our purpose this point is quite immaterial. Let it be as the Bishop declares. What then? How could the absence of reporters justify a speaker in telling a story of such a kind, which he was not prepared to substantiate? Are we to take it as an accepted principle that when doors are closed any stick may be used to beat a Romanist, and that truth is a virtue having no consciousness of her own existence till she sees herself reflected in printers' ink?

It would appear to most men that the very privacy of such a meeting, far from dispensing with the need of caution, ought to impose upon speakers a more stringent obligation; those whose character is impugned having no opportunity of defending themselves, and the minds of the audience being predisposed to accept all that tends to their discredit. Here, for example, was the very soil in which such a story might most confidently be expected to germinate and fructify, till it should be fit to transplant to the open air. What possible justification can there

¹ *Daily Mail*, November 10, 1896.

² Letter signed, "Your Reporter," the *Times*, November 17, 1896.

be for putting forth a narrative in such circumstances, which confessedly it was thought prudent to withdraw from the rude experiences of the world without?

Neither is this a solitary example of startling information of a similar character jealously reserved for the improvement of the initiated. Not many years ago the then Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, made a most grave charge against Catholics. Anxious to protect his University from the peril with which he saw it threatened, in the shape of a Catholic church rising beside it, he delivered before the Church of England Young Men's Society an address full of solemn warning. The building in question, he assured his hearers, ostensibly for the worship of God, was in reality for the worship of a creature. On this point he could speak with confidence, knowing something about the Church of Rome, both at home and abroad, and he had no hesitation in saying that the idolatry practised in it was as direct a violation of the law of God as that practised in heathen countries. To this he had the witness of his own ears; for at an Ordination in Rome, while the candidates lay prostrate, he had heard the clergy chanting the Litany over them, repeating again and again the blasphemous words, "Good Lady, deliver us."

Though we are at present concerned rather with the genesis of fables such as this than with their ultimate fate, it may be well to explain at once the origin of this extraordinary statement as finally discovered, the explanation being extremely simple. The Cambridge dignitary had imagined, that all the world pronounces Latin in the peculiar fashion adopted by our countrymen, and hearing the Italian clerics repeat the phrase *Libera nos Domine*, had supposed them to be saying *Libera nos Domina*.

But it was not without difficulty that this solution was reached. Like the startling tale of the kidnapped priest, this other of shameless Mariolatry was so unlucky as to find its way into print, and as a natural consequence questions were addressed to its author, seeking fuller details of his so singular and remarkable experience. It might have been supposed that one conscious of a mission to expose idolatry, and of exceptional qualifications for the task, would have eagerly welcomed such an opportunity to sound his note of warning far and wide. Instead of doing so, he evinced the utmost disinclination to approach the subject at all, taking refuge in a line of defence,

which might have served as a model to the Bishop of Marlborough. The meeting, he replied to his questioner, was of a *private* nature; the report was published without his sanction, and without reference to him. He must therefore beg to decline all responsibility. Moreover, the Ordination described, had taken place fifteen years previously.¹

Examples such as these cannot but suggest very serious reflections. Assuredly, it is a strange and portentous phenomenon, that English gentlemen of distinguished position, who would shrink with horror from the notion of bearing false witness against their neighbours, should feel no scruple in bringing the grossest charges against Catholics, without troubling themselves to inquire whether they are in possession of evidence to support them, and should even think that because such charges are made where they cannot be met, any latitude of assertion must be permissible. Can we wonder that the minds of Englishmen are inveterately prejudiced against the Church, if their guides and instructors act on the assumption that any tale deserves to be told, however baseless, if only it will serve the good purpose of injuring her.

It would even appear as though its defamatory character were considered sufficient to establish the truth of such a narrative, independently of any other consideration, on the principle that what tells against Popery must be true, whatever the evidence may seem to say. Except upon some such supposition, it is difficult to understand the course which the Bishop of Marlborough has adopted since the kidnapped priest, having become a public character, has had his history investigated in sight of the world. On the one hand, nothing has been forthcoming to substantiate the Highgate romance; neither books nor original informants having proved of any service for such a purpose. On the other, a plain and easily intelligible statement of the facts, supplied by eye-witnesses, has been corroborated by the missing priest himself. He had, it is true, come to this country, and made overtures to the authorities of the Church of England. Then he had repented of his conduct, and, desirous to avoid possible unpleasantness, avoiding further intercourse with Anglican friends, had applied to a well-known and highly respected Catholic priest for a small sum of money

¹ *Cambridge Chronicle*, October 25 and November 1, 1889. Correspondence between the Rev. Canon Scott, and the Rev. E. H. Perowne, Master of Corpus Christi College.

to enable him to return home, and rejoin those he had been tempted to abandon. Receiving somewhat more than the sum he asked, he carried out his intention, and not only promptly refunded the money, but expressed his gratitude for the kindness shown him, and his happiness that he had been saved from such a fall as he was meditating.

Here, it might be imagined, would be an end of the matter. It would seem that the only thing for the Bishop to do was frankly to abandon an untenable position, resolving to be more circumspect in future. He has, however, chosen to take a different course, and has addressed a letter to the *Times*,¹ in which he plainly intimates that, although he has no proofs to offer, he still believes his own story, and will continue to do so, and that he considers the figure he has made in the matter to be such as to justify him in prescribing the conditions on which he will be satisfied.

One point, however, he is prepared to concede. He withdraws the use of the word "kidnapped," explaining that he used it "loosely," at a meeting in a private house, "where no reporters were present"—whence it would appear that laxity in matter of language as well as of fact is allowable behind the backs of the terrible gentlemen of the Fourth Estate, and that closed doors are like the Pass of Bally-Brough, beyond which the restraints of the muckle Sabbath could not travel. The grounds alleged for the withdrawal are decidedly interesting. "Kidnapped," says the Bishop—meaning presumably "kidnapping"—originally signifies "stealing children," and the stolen priest cannot be described as a "kid," being of mature age and six foot two in height. Such scrupulous exactitude as to a point of etymology is, doubtless, highly edifying, especially in conjunction with the other features of the case—but is it not also somewhat superfine? Whatever be the derivation of the word, there can be no doubt as to its proper meaning, for, on the authority of Blackstone, it signifies, according to English law, the forcible abduction of any human being, man, woman, or child. It might therefore be rightly used in connection with one of the stature of a grenadier, if only there were found men capable of kidnapping him. And, by whatever name it is to be described, the Bishop still holds this to have been the reality of the sudden disappearance which so exercises his mind.

Nor does he omit to indicate the suspicious features of the

¹ November 16, 1896.

case, which in his opinion justify his tenacity of belief. The priest vanished, he tells us, "on a dark night in February," without previous intimation of his intention, and without communication with his Anglican friends. One motive that impelled him to take his departure was the news of the illness of an aunt, to whom he was much attached. Money was furnished him, "just enough to leave him stranded and penniless at the end of his journey," whereas ample funds were at his disposal, had he but communicated with his good friends in London. "It is also admitted that he has since been in a monastery at Oelenberg, in Alsace."

Such are the grounds upon which the Bishop of Marlborough thinks it right to intimate his disbelief in the clear and definite account of the matter, furnished by a highly respected and honourable man who took part in the transaction he describes, and his preference for his own haphazard version, loosely evolved from fading memories, to point a moral for a Bible Society meeting in the absence of reporters. Might it not be expected that one so careful as to the minor exactitudes of language, would have some attention to spare for the requirements of logic? The fugitive priest was informed that his aunt was ill, and ill he found her. She was not, we are told, so ill as he expected; but while we do not know the exact nature of his anticipations, it is surely no unusual thing for fears in such circumstances to outrun the reality. He had a modest sum for his journey; but it was more than he asked for, and he does not seem to have been incommoded for want of more. What is there in all this to countenance a suspicion of violent abduction? And what shall we say of the "dark night in February," to which a special mystery is evidently attached? Nights in February are usually dark, and those who have to travel at that season must take them as they are. How the darkness of a night, were it even in December, could enable the most resolute of kidnappers to smuggle a full-grown man on board a Channel steamer, is a problem which the Bishop must be left to solve. Moreover, if the desire to see a sick relative were an impelling motive, there was clearly no need of kidnapping at all, and even the terrors of a February night might be insufficient to stay a dutiful nephew. Others have been known to cross the Channel with such a motive, in circumstances as terrible. Again, if the original story is to be maintained, where was the need even of the paltry sum which

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awakens his Lordship's scorn? A man does not require so much as three pounds to be kidnapped.

The Bishop concludes with a notable suggestion : " Will not the true solution of the matter be the production of M. Guyot on English soil, where, from the freedom of an English home, and not from the necessary restraints and influence of a monastery, he may have the opportunity of telling his own story ? "

To this question we will reply with another. Is not this the sort of thing by which Englishmen occasionally make themselves ridiculous? Does the Bishop imply that upon English soil alone can truthfulness exist? Why should M. Guyot feel bound to return to England in order to satisfy the Bishop of Marlborough, and to dispose of random statements put forth, in the supposed absence of reporters, before the Highgate Auxiliary of the Bible Society?

A wonderful suggestion truly; but a greater wonder still, that such things should be said and done in the interests of Gospel truth.

J. G.

Lippo, the Man and the Artist.

"WHAT pains me most," writes the late Sir Joseph Crowe in the *Nineteenth Century* for October, 1896, "is to think that the art of Fra Filippo, the loose fish, and seducer of holy women, looks almost as pure, and is often quite as lovely as that of Fra Giovanni Angelico of Fiesole." And indeed, if the fact be admitted, it cannot but be a shock to all those high-minded thinkers who have committed themselves unreservedly to the view that personal sanctity and elevation of character in the artist is an essential condition for the production of any great work of art, and especially of religious art. As regards the fact, we need not concern ourselves very long. If Rio and others, presumably biassed by the same theory, are inclined to see Lippi's moral depravity betrayed in every stroke of his brush, yet the more general and truer verdict accords him a place among the great masters of his age, albeit beneath Angelico and some others. Beyond all doubt it must be allowed that even in point of spirituality and heavenliness of expression, he stands high above numbers of artists of pure life and blameless reputation; and this fact leaves us face to face with the problem already suggested as to the precise connection between high morality and high art—if any.

Plainly a good man need not be a good artist. Must a good artist be a good man? I suppose from a vague feeling in certain minds that it ought to be so, there rises a belief that it must be so, and that it is so; and from this belief a disposition to see that it is so, and to read facts accordingly. Prominent among the advocates of this view is Mr. Ruskin in his treatment of the relation of morality to art. He holds "that the basis of art is moral; that art cannot be merely pleasant or unpleasant, but must be lawful or unlawful, that every legitimate artistic enjoyment is due to the perception of moral propriety, that every artistic excellence is a moral virtue, every artistic fault is a moral vice; that noble art can spring only from noble feeling,

that the whole system of the beautiful is a system of moral emotions, moral selections, and moral appreciation; and that the aim and end of art is the expression of man's obedience to God's will, and of his recognition of God's goodness."¹ But a man who can characterize a vulgar pattern as immoral, plainly uses the term "morality" in some transcendental, non-natural sense, and therefore cannot be regarded as an exponent of the precise theory referred to. Still, as this larger idea of morality includes the lesser and more restricted, we may consider Mr. Ruskin and his disciples among those to whom the case of Lippo Lippi and many another presents a distinct difficulty. "Many another," for the principle ought to extend to every branch of fine art; and we should be prepared to maintain that there never has been, or could have been, a truly great musician, or sculptor, or poet, who was not also a truly good man. In a way the position is defensible enough; for one can, in every contrary instance, patch up the artist's character or else pick holes in his work. Who is to settle what is a truly great work or a truly good man? But a position may be quite defensible, yet obviously untrue. Again, if by great art we mean that which is subordinated to some great and good purpose, we are characterizing it by a goodness which is extrinsic to it, and is not the goodness of art itself, as such. If the end of fine art is to teach, then its goodness must be estimated by the matter and manner of its teaching, and a "moral pocket-handkerchief" must take precedence of many a Turner. Yet it would even then remain questionable whether a good and great moral teacher is necessarily a good man. In truth, a good man is one who obeys his conscience, and whose conscience guides him right. If, in defect of the latter condition, we allow that a man is good or well-meaning, it is because we suppose that his conscience is erroneous inculpably, and that he is faithful to right order as far as he understands it. But one who sees right and wills wrong is in no sense good, but altogether bad. Allowing that for the solution of some delicate moral problems a certain height of tone and keenness of insight inseparable from habitual conscientiousness is necessary, yet mere intellectual acumen, in the absence of any notably biasing influence, suffices to give us as great a teacher as Aristotle, who, if exonerated from graver charges, offers no example of astonishing elevation of heart at all proportioned to the profundity of his

¹ Vernon Lee, *Belcaro*.

genius. We do not deny that in the case of free assent to beliefs fraught with grave practical consequences, the moral condition of the subject has much to do with the judgments of the intellect. But first principles and their logical issues belong to the domain of necessary truth; while in other matters a teacher may accept current maxims and sentiments with which he has no personal sympathy, and weave from all these a whole system of excellent and orthodox moral teaching. And if one may be a good moralist and a bad man, why *à fortiori* may one not be a good artist and a bad man? If vice does not necessarily dim the eye to ethical beauty, why should it blind it to æsthetic beauty? In order to get at a solution we must fix somewhat more definitely the notion of fine art and its scope.

I think it is in a child's book called *The Back of the North Wind*, that a poet is somewhat happily and simply defined as a person who is glad about something and wants to make other people glad about it too. Yet mature reflection shows two flaws in this definition. First of all, the theme of poetry, or any other fine art, need not always be gladsome, but can appeal to some other strong emotion, provided it be high and noble. The tragedian is one who is thrilled with awe and sorrow, and strives to excite a like thrill in others. Again, though the craving for sympathy hardly ever fails to follow close on the experience of deep feeling; and though, as we shall presently see, fine art is but an extension of language whose chief end is intercommunion of ideas, yet this altruist end of fine art is not of its essence, but of its superabundance and overflow. Expression for expression's sake is a necessity of man's spiritual nature, in solitude no less than in society. To speak, to give utterance to the truth that he sees, and to the strong emotions that stir within his heart, is that highest energizing in which man finds his natural perfection and his rest. His soul is burdened and in labour until it has brought forth and expressed to its complete satisfaction the word conceived within it. Nor is it only within the mind that he so utters himself in secret self-communing; for he is not a disembodied intelligence, but one clothed with body and senses and imagination. His medium of expression is not merely the spiritual substance of the mind, but his whole complex being. Nor has he uttered his "word" to his full satisfaction till it has passed from his intellect into his imagination, and thence to his lips,

his voice, his features, his gesture. And when the mind is more vigorous and the passion for utterance more intense, he will not be at rest while there is any other medium in which he can embody his conception, be it stone, or metal, or line, or colour, or sound, or measure, or imagery, which under his skilled hand can be made to shadow out his hidden thought and emotion. We cannot hold with Max Müller and others, who make thought dependent and consequent on language. For it is evident, on a moment's introspection, that thought makes language for itself to live in, just as a snail makes its own shell or a soul makes its own body. Who has not felt the anguish of not being able to find a word to hit off his thought exactly?—which surely means that the thought was already there unclothed, awaiting its embodiment. As the soul disembodied is not man, so thought not clothed in language is not perfect human thought. Its essence is saved, but not its substantial, or at least its desirable, completeness. A man thinks more fully, more humanly, who thinks not with his mind alone, but with his imagination, his voice, his tongue, his pen, his pencil. If, therefore, solitary contemplative thought is a legitimate end in itself; if it is that *ludus*, or play of the soul, which is the highest occupation of man, a share in the same honour must be allowed to its accompanying embodiment; to the music which delights no ear but the performer's; to poetry, to painting, to sculpture done for the joy of doing, and without reference to the good of others communicating in that joy. And if the Divine Artist, whose lavish hand fills everything with goodness; who pours out the treasures of His love and wisdom in every corner of our universe; of whose greatness man knows not an appreciable fraction; who "does all things well" for the very love of doing and of doing well; who utters Himself for the sake of uttering, not only in His eternal, co-equal, all-expressive Word, but also in the broken, stammering accents of a myriad finite words or manifestations—if this Divine Artist teaches us anything, it is that man, singly or collectively, is divinest when he finds rest and joy in utterance for its own sake, in "telling the glory of God and showing forth his handiwork," or, as Catholic doctrine puts it, in praise; for praise is the utterance of love, and love is joy in the truth.

As most of the useful arts perfect man's executive faculties, and thus are said to improve upon, while in a certain sense they imitate nature; so the fine arts extend and exalt man's faculty

of expression, or self-utterance, regarded not precisely as useful and *propter aliud* ; but as pleasurable and *propter se*. Even the most uncultivated savage finds pleasure in some discordant utterance of his subjective frame of mind ; and it is really hard to find any tribe so degraded as to show no rudiment of fine art, no sign of reflex pleasure in expression, and of inventiveness in extending the resources nature has provided us with for that end.

The artist as such aims at self-expression for its own sake. It is a necessity of his nature, an outpouring of pent-up feeling, as much as is the song of the lark. Of course we are speaking of the true creative artist, and not of the laborious copyist. If he subordinates his work as a means to some further end ; if his aim is morality or immorality, truth or error, pleasure or pain ; if it is anything else than the embodiment or utterance of his own soul, so far he is acting not as an artist, but as a minister of morality, or truth, or pleasure, or their contraries. If we keep this idea steadily in view, we can see how much truth, or how little, is contained in the various theories of fine art which have been advanced from the earliest times. We can see how truly art is a *μίμησις*, an imitating of realities ; not that art objects are, as Plato supposes, faint and defective representations, vicegerent species of the external world, whose beauty is but the transfer and dim reflection of the beauty of nature. Were it so, then the mirror, or the camera, is the best of all artists. As expression, fine art is the imitation of the soul within ; of outward realities as received into the mind and heart of the artist, in their ideal and emotional setting. The artist gives word or expression to what he sees ; but what he sees is within him. His work is self-expression. We can from this infer where to look for a solution of the controversy between idealism and realism. We can also see how, owing to the essential disproportion between the material and sensible media of expression which art uses, and the immaterial and spiritual realities it would body forth, its utterance must always be symbolic, never literal. We can see how needlessly they embarrass themselves who deny the name of fine art to any work whose theme is not beautiful, or which is not morally didactic. Finally, we can see that if fine art be but an extension of language, there can be no immediate connection between art as art, and general moral character ; no more reason for supposing that skilful and beautiful self-utterance is incompatible with immorality, than that its absence is incompatible with sanctity.

Yet, as a matter of fact, and rightly, we judge of art not merely as art, or as expression; but we look to that which is expressed, to the inner soul which is revealed to us, to the "matter" as well as to the "form." And it may be questioned whether our estimate of a work is not rather determined in most cases by this non-artistic consideration. Obviously it is possible in our estimate of a landscape, to be drawn away from the artistic to the real beauty; from its merits as a "word," or expression, to the merits of the thing signified. And still more naturally is our admiration drawn from the artist's self-utterance to the self which he endeavours to utter, and we are brought into sympathy with his thought and feeling. Much of the fascination exercised over us by art, which precisely as art is rude and imperfect in many ways, is to be ascribed to this source. Though here we must remember that the soul is often more truly and artistically betrayed by the simple lisping of childhood than by the ornate and finished eloquence of a rhetorician.

It is in regard to the matter expressed, rather than to the mode of expression, that we have a right to look for a difference between such men as Lippo Lippi and Fra Angelico. According to a man's inner tone and temperament and character, will be the impression produced upon him by the objects of his contemplation. These will determine him largely in the choice of his themes, and in the aspect under which he will treat them. Obviously in many cases there are noble themes of art for whose appreciation no particular delicacy of moral or religious taste is required. There is no reason why such a subject as the Laocoon should make a different impression on a saint and on a profligate. It appeals to the tragic sense, which may be as highly developed in one as in the other. But if the Annunciation be the theme, we can well understand how differently it will impress a man of lively and cultured faith, a contemplative and mystic, with an appreciative and effective love of reverence and purity; and another whose faith is a formula, whose life is impure, frivolous, worldly. Why then is there not a more distinctly marked inferiority in the religious art of Lippi to that of Angelico? Why does it look "almost as pure," and "often quite as lovely"? Two very clear reasons offer themselves in reply. First of all, the art of such a man as Angelico falls far more hopelessly short of his ideal. Most of the beauties which such a soul would find in the contemplation of Mary, or of Gabriel, are spiritual, moral, non-æsthetic, and can embody themselves in

form and feature only most imperfectly. Given equal skill in expression, equal command of words, one man can say all that he feels, and more, while another is tortured with a sense of much more to be uttered, were it not unutterable. Perhaps it is in some hint of this hidden wealth of unuttered meaning that skilled eyes find in Angelico what they can never find in Lippi. A second reason might be found in the external influence exerted on the artist by society, its requirements, fashions, and conventions. It is plain that Lippi, left to himself, would never have chosen religious themes as such ; it is equally plain, that having chosen them, he would naturally try to emulate and eclipse what was most admired in the great works of his predecessors and contemporaries. It would need little more than a familiar acquaintance with the great models, together with the artist's discriminating observance, for a man of Lippi's talent to catch those lines and shades of form and feature which hint at, rather than express, the inward purity, the reverence, the gentleness, with which he himself was so little in sympathy.

No doubt, were two such men equally skilled in all the arts of expression, in language, in verse, in song and music, in sculpture and painting, and acting, their general treatment of religious themes would be more glaringly different ; but within the comparatively narrow limits of painting, we cannot reasonably expect more than we actually find.

The saint, as such, and the artist, as such, are occupied with different facets of the world ; the former with its moral, the latter with its æsthetic beauty. Even were the artist formally to recognize that all the beauty in nature is but the created utterance of the Divine thought and love, and that the real, though unknown, term of his abstraction is not the impersonal symbol, but the person symbolized ; yet it is not enough for sanctity or morality to be attracted to God viewed simply as the archetype of æsthetic beauty. On the other hand, one may be drawn, through the love of moral beauty in creatures, of justice, and mercy, and liberality, and truthfulness, to the love of God as their archetype, and yet be perfectly obtuse to æsthetic beauty ; and thus again we see that high æstheticism is compatible with low morality, and conversely. Doubtless when produced to infinity, all perfections are seen to be one and simple in God, but short of this, they retain their distinctness and opposition. At the same time, it cannot for a moment be denied that keenness of moral, and of æsthetic perception, act and react

upon one another. He gains much morally whose eyes are opened to the innumerable traces of the Divine beauty with which he is surrounded, and there are æsthetic joys which are necessarily unknown to a soul which is selfish and gross—still more to a soul from which the glories of revealed religion are hidden, either through unbelief or sluggish indifference. Yet, on the whole, it may be said that sanctity is benefitted by art more than art is by sanctity, especially where we deal with so limited a medium of expression as painting. And so it seems to us that, after all, there is nothing to surprise or pain us in the fact that "the art of a Fra Filippo, the loose fish, looks almost as pure, and is often quite as lovely as that of Fra Giovanni Angelico of Fiesoli."

GEORGE TYRRELL.

A Mediæval Mortuary-Card.

IN few matters may so great a difference be observed between the usages of one country and those of another as in all that relates to funeral customs and the tributes of respect paid to the dead. When some beloved member of a family dies in England, his friends, however deeply they deplore his loss, generally content themselves for any public profession of their grief with a three-line announcement in one or two of their favourite newspapers, and, if he be a Catholic, with some simple memorial-card, stating the age of the deceased and the date of his death, and asking prayers for his soul. Abroad they manage things differently. To our English notions perhaps there is something unnecessarily ostentatious in the large black-edged sheet, almost of foolscap size, in which all the relations, each separately enumerated, with his or her titles and distinctions set forth at large—wife, children, brothers and sisters, father-in-law and mother-in-law, nephews, grandchildren, and so on, collectively address their friends and inform them of their bereavement.

Madame Henri de B., *née* Marie de C., Monsieur Jules de B., Monsieur le Général Alphonse de B., Commandant la 5ème Brigade de Cavalerie à Lyon, Mademoiselle Eugénie de B., le Révérend Père Joseph de B. de l'Ordre des Frères Prêcheurs, Mademoiselle Pauline de B., Religieuse au Carmel de N., Monsieur le Comte François de D., Officier de la Légion d'Honneur, &c., &c., . . . ont la douleur de vous faire part de la perte cruelle qu'ils viennent d'éprouver dans la personne de MONSIEUR HENRI DE B., Secrétaire Général de la Préfecture de V., ancien conseiller à la cour d'appel de X., &c., &c., . . . leur époux, père, beau-père, aïeul, &c., &c., né à Y. le . . ., 18—, et pieusement décédé à Z. le . . ., 18—, muni de tous les secours de notre Mère la Sainte Église. Ils recommandent son âme à vos prières.

These are more or less the terms in which such notifications generally run. However, my object in referring to the manner of these sad announcements in the present day, is not to criticize

them, but only to illustrate by contrast a curious usage which prevailed in the middle ages, and which is closely connected with those *confraternitates* among monasteries and convents, the associations, that is, for mutual prayer, which formed the subject of an article in our last number. To speak of these compacts without saying anything of the practical expedients by which requests for prayers and the names of those to be prayed for were communicated from one house to another, would be to leave out one of the most interesting aspects of the subject. It deserves perhaps all the more to be dealt with here because, as far as I know, no satisfactory account is given of it by any of the writers who have treated *ex professo* of mediæval manners.¹ For all our information we have either to pick up fragments where we can from the great works of Mabillon, Martene, and Ducange, or else we must have recourse to a few isolated memoirs, not always easy of access, printed among the proceedings of learned societies.²

Let me explain, to begin with, that the most ample *annonce* that ever was penned in modern times pales into insignificance besides some of the choice specimens which have come down to us from our fathers in the Faith who lived six hundred years ago. The fact is that in heading this paper "A Mediæval Mortuary-Card," I have been guilty, it must be owned, of a rather extravagant *litotes*. Perhaps some of my readers will require to be told that a *litotes* is a figure of speech in which, as the rhetoricians say, "the less is substituted for the greater." Anyhow, they must understand that the notification which was sent out by one of the larger monasteries in the eleventh or twelfth century on the death of their Abbot or other important functionary was conveyed in a "mortuary-card" of the most broddingnagian dimensions. A roll of stout parchment seventy-two feet long and eight or ten inches wide is a more formidable piece of luggage than those who have never set eyes upon such

¹ An exception ought to be made, perhaps, in favour of that admirable work, always useful if now somewhat antiquated, Rock's *Church of our Fathers* (vol. ii. p. 389), but even there the subject is but slightly touched upon. Authors like Thomas Wright, Cutts, and Jusserand are absolutely silent on the point.

² E.g. Léopold Delisle, in the *Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des Chartes*, 2 série, vol. iii. on *L'Usage de prier pour les Morts*; again, Delisle, *Relevaux des Morts*; Nichols, in *Mem. Archaeological Institute*, Norwich, 1847; Surtees Society, *Obituary Roll of W. Eborchester*; *Mémoires de la Société des Antiquaires de Normandie*, 1st series, vol. x.; 2nd series, vol. vii.; *Cambridge Antiquarian Society Communications*, vol. i. 1855; Molinier, *Obituaires Français au Moyen Age*; Ebner, *Gebets-Verbrüderungen*; Surtees Society, *Dunelmensis Historiæ Scriptores Tres*.

an object would readily believe. It is not a comfortable thing to carry, and a still less comfortable thing to read. But like the monster petitions which are sent up now-a-days to impress the legislators of our House of Commons, so the mediæval mortuary-rolls were meant to be looked at rather than read, and derived no little of their importance from their bulk. Of course the roll of the Abbess Matilda of Caen, the daughter of William the Conqueror,¹ which is known to have had the dimensions just specified, was probably somewhat exceptional, but a length of forty or fifty feet seems to have been considered by no means out of the way, and the illuminations with which in later times the elogium of the deceased was introduced, alone occupied in many cases a depth of a yard or more.² But before we come to speak more in particular of the contents of these rolls, it will be well to say something of their earlier history.

It is easy to see that as soon as the associations for mutual prayer, dealt with in my former article, began to assume an extensive development, it was necessary that some sort of systematic arrangement should be decided upon for transmitting from one monastery to another the names of their deceased members. At first no doubt, when a monk died, a special messenger was sent at once with a notification of the fact to all the associated communities.³ But very soon, when an abbey or convent found itself joined in ties of association with eighty or a hundred other houses, some of them situated at remote ends of the kingdom or in foreign countries, it was clear that before a messenger, or even several messengers, had had time to deliver his despatch at these different addresses and to return home, some fresh death would ordinarily have taken place in the community which had sent him on his errand. In the absence of any sort of organized postal service, this was a very serious difficulty, and a simple expedient was soon hit upon to economize trouble and labour. A messenger was sent out to

¹ This roll, hidden away with other documents during the French Revolution, seems to have been destroyed by decay and damp. But we have a full description of it and a tolerably complete copy of its contents made by earlier writers.

² The illumination which stood at the head of the mortuary-roll of the celebrated Abbot Islyp of Westminster was fifty-two inches long and ten inches wide. The four subjects represented in it were reproduced at the beginning of the present century in *Vetusta Monumenta*, vol. iv. The original belongs to the Society of Antiquaries.

³ In the *Regularis Concordia* formerly attributed to St. Dunstan, we read: "Mittatur etiam epistola ad vicina quæque monasteria."

make the round of the entire list of religious houses which were in communion with that which employed him. He took with him, written on a skin of parchment, a formula of notification with the names of the members of that house who had died in the course of the preceding year, and, in the early days of such institutions, it would seem that each abbey copied from this document the names of the deceased into its own necrology, which usually lay upon the high altar of the church when Mass was being offered. The forms of notification with their list of names were most commonly called *brevia*, or *brevia gestatoria*, though several other appellations are also found,¹ and the messenger who took them was known as the *breviger*, or *brevigerulus*.² For ordinary monks, and apart from special occasions, the form of announcement seems generally to have been simple in the extreme. "So-and-so, a son of our Order, is dead." "We have lost such a one, cantor of this monastery. We beg all faithful Religious to pray to God on his behalf." "On such a day, in such a monastery, has died such a one, priest and sacristan of the said monastery. In the name of Christian charity we beg your prayers for his soul. We in turn will pray for your dead."³ At the same time from the very earliest ages a somewhat more elaborate form was not uncommon. I may take, for instance, these two, one addressed to a Bishop, the other to an Abbess, both belonging to the ninth century.

To the most reverend Bishop, N.N., Sinbert, by the grace of God called to be Bishop and Abbot of the Monastery of Morbac, together with his brethren, wishes eternal welfare in Christ Jesus our Lord. Let your beatitude be advertised that our brother, such a one, on such a date, has departed this life to go as we believe to Christ. Wherefore we suppliantly beseech your holiness that you will do all in the way of Masses and Psalms for his soul that your most excellent custom prescribes, and we ask that you will cause these our letters to be returned to us.

¹ E.g., *brevia obituum*, or *obitus* (Dugdale, *Monasticon*, vol. vii. part 2, pp. xc., xci.), *rotularis epistola* (Duchesne, *Scrip. For.* vol. iv. p. 252). The most interesting variant is *breviarium*, which was also used for the necrology itself. See my previous article, p. 375. "Breviaria monachorum decedentium mittantur ab illis invicem." (Statutes de Tulle: ap. Baluze, *Histor. Tutel.* p. 655.) When we read, therefore, in some monastic statutes that if one of the brethren dies "nomen ejus notetur in Breviario et Martyrologio" (Martene, *De Ant. Ecc. Ritibus*, iv. p. 793), no reference is probably intended to what we now understand by a breviary.

² The variants of this name are almost infinite, the most common are *gerulus*, *rolliger*, *rotularius*, *tomifer*, and in later times, *breviator*.

³ Martene, *De Antiq. Eccl. Ritibus*, iv. p. 794.

The second, addressed to the Superior of a convent of nuns, is even more courteous still.

To the most Reverend Mother of a Community (*Matri Familiæ*), such a one, Sinbert, by God's bounty called to be Bishop and Abbot of the Monastery of Morbac, never-ending greetings in our Lord. Let your most sweet charity (*melliflua charitas*) be hereby advertised that your brother, So-and-so, on such a day, has departed this life to pass as we believe to Christ. Wherefore we most earnestly implore your motherly tenderness (*almitatem vestram*) that you will give order that such provision be made for his soul by Masses and Psalms as your immense goodness is wont to do. We hope that you may ever thrive.

It was not long before circumstances led to one or two very important modifications of the arrangements just described. It would seem that the messengers employed by the monasteries cannot always have been quite trustworthy, even though they often received some little gratuity over and above the hospitality which they claimed as of right in each monastery which they visited. Human nature is indolent, and there must often have been a temptation to loiter on the road and to skip some or all of the less generous houses in the list, as long as there existed no satisfactory check upon the movements of the *rolliger* to show that he had actually performed all the errands that had been entrusted to him. The expedient which was adopted to meet this difficulty was simple and tolerably efficacious. The monastery which was sending out the names of its recently deceased members, added to the announcement a request that each abbey where the *breve* was duly presented by the *rolliger*, would not merely copy the names so transmitted, but would add a note to that effect at the foot of the document itself, which would serve as evidence, when the brief and the brief-bearer returned home again, that the whole round had really been made according to instructions. In order that there might be room for the long succession of houses to record their names, the document took the form, not of a sheet, but of a roll of parchment (*rotulus*), which could be indefinitely extended at any time by the simple expedient of stitching on fresh skins. It is amusing to find in fragments of these rolls, even of the earliest date, evidence of the precautions which the monks took to checkmate the laziness of their messengers.

We intimate accordingly [so runs one of these notices of the ninth century] to your generous charity the decease of certain of our brethren,

to wit Gerbert and Walter, the former of whom died the fifth of the Ides of July, the latter the eighteenth of the Kalends of August, and for the absolution of their souls we beseech you to implore the Divine clemency. And that the bearer of this writing (*hujus diplomatis*) may not be able to trick us by any cunning slight, kindly take care that the names of your Superiors are inscribed according to custom upon the document itself, and give him such succour of your liberality that he may find his way back to us without fainting through hunger.¹

In other cases, for still further precaution, the monasteries visited were asked to note upon the parchment the date of the messenger's arrival.

But in order that we may not, as so commonly happens, be deceived by the lying tricks of our messenger, we beg of you to append the day of the month (*diem Kalendarum*) of his coming to you, as well as the names of the Superiors of your house, and also to give him a day's provision, that he may set out again the more cheerfully upon his way.²

Or again, it was suggested that the monks visited should enter upon the roll the names of their own deceased, as in the following brief of the year 858.

We earnestly beg of your Paternity to perform a true brother's part towards the dead whom we commend to you, and we ask you to send us in turn the names of your own deceased, and also to signify by marking the date (*per monimenta Kalendarum*) the time of the arrival of this present messenger, in order that he may not be able to lie to us by his cunningly-framed inventions.

More than five hundred years afterwards, it would seem that the *geruli*, or *rotularii*, by whatever name they were called, had not even then grown entirely trustworthy. "Be good enough, if you please," says the obituary notice of John of Marigny in 1392, "to mark upon the present roll the date upon which our roll-bearer (*rotulifer*), John de Ycio, arrives in your house."³

In obedience to such requests as these, it soon became a universal practice for each religious house, in the order in which it was visited, to make an entry upon the blank portion of the roll which was brought to it by the *rotularius*, and in this way for the monks both to signify their own willingness to offer

¹ Delisle, *Rouleaux des Morts*, p. 6; De Rozière, *Recueil des Formules*, p. 956.

² Delisle, *ibid.* p. 7.

³ Fyot, *Histoire de St. Étienne de Dijon*, preuves, n. 265. None the less, there is, generally speaking, a notable improvement in the tone in which the roll-bearers are referred to in the rolls of later date.

the suffrages for which they were asked, and to attest the fidelity of the messenger in executing his commission. These entries, consisting originally of little more than the name of the house that made it, were known as *tituli*, whereas the formal announcement of the death of the person to be prayed for, which of course stood at the head of the roll, was styled the *planctus*, or *litera encyclica*. Of these two parts—the “encyclical” which was engrossed and illuminated by the house which sent out the brief, and the “titles” which were added in their turns by the houses which received it, the whole roll was made up.

It is curious that we possess few, if any, specimens of the *annual rolls*, as M. Delisle has styled them—that is to say, the rolls sent out at the end of each twelvemonth with an obituary of all the brethren who had died within that space of time. Probably such documents were very concise and business-like, containing nothing more than the briefest possible notification of certain deaths, and the entries of the names of the houses to which this notice had been duly presented. There was, therefore, absolutely no reason for the preservation of such a memorial after it had fulfilled the purpose for which it was drawn up. On the other hand, these “annual rolls” must undoubtedly have suggested the idea of a class of kindred, but much more interesting, documents, which M. Delisle has appropriately christened *rouleaux individuels*, “personal rolls,” and which are known to us from many extant examples.¹ It is easy to understand that when any monastic community were bereaved of some member of great distinction, the founder of their Order, let us suppose, or a monk of exceptional holiness, or learning, or again, a Superior of royal, or very noble lineage, it would have seemed to them that the ordinary notification of death, introducing his name amidst a list of half-a-dozen other brethren whose decease had occurred in the course of the same year, was wholly inadequate, and hardly seemly. Hence arose the “personal rolls,” or rolls designed to do honour to a single individual, which seem to have found universal favour from the tenth century down to the Reformation. In these the *planctus*, or *litera encyclica*, often attained to an aston-

¹ Besides those otherwise referred to in the course of this article, I may mention the thirteenth century roll of Ampelissa, Prioress of Lillichurch, preserved at St. John's College, Cambridge, also the upper portion of the rolls of two Bishops of Norwich in the fifteenth century, John Wackering and Thomas Brons, in the British Museum. (Cottonian Rolls, ii. 17 and 18.) Father Gasquet tells me that there are others among the Additional Charters.

ishing development, in which the diffuseness of the writer's panegyric was only rivalled by the polished elaboration of his style. Sumptuous illuminations were used, as has already been mentioned, to decorate the roll, and it was sent out packed in a leather covering,¹ and with other precautions to preserve it from injury during its wanderings. Similarly, the *tituli*, or entries of the different monasteries to which the roll was presented, underwent a development in keeping with the pains expended upon the circular itself. These schools of learning and penmanship also wished to pay to the deceased a tribute worthy of his reputation and their own skill. Accordingly, instead of a bare acknowledgment of the arrival of the *rotulus*, and a promise of prayer, the poet of the monastery was commissioned to produce a copy of verses expressing the sympathy of the community with their afflicted brethren, and often enough some clever artist among the monks enriched the roll with a cunningly designed capital letter, or illumination. Naturally, succeeding monasteries did not wish to be outdone, and they also set all the local talent to work in order to equal, or surpass, the contributions made by the other great abbeys which the roll had already visited. In this way such a document became a sort of album, in which one centre of learning after another furnished a sample of its scholarship and artistic skill, so that it would in many ways be impossible to find a more interesting memorial of the literary development of the middle ages than is preserved in some few of these "personal rolls." I say some few, because the custom just described was, after all, only a fashion which ran its course. During the palmy days of this system of mortuary rolls, there seems every reason to believe that the greatest possible pains were taken both with the drafting of the encyclical itself, and with the *tituli* contributed by the different monasteries. But when, in later times, the novelty had worn off, the entries which had to be made in the roll were regarded only as a burthen, and in nearly all the specimens known to us of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, we find little but endless repetitions of the same simple formula, generally ill written, and bearing every sign of negligence and extreme haste.

It would not require much demonstration, to show the serious scientific value of the documents of which we are

¹ Traces of such a covering exist in the Dereham roll described by Mr. Nichols, and in the roll of Prior Ebchester. (See Raine, p. xxi.)

speaking. Not only are they of supreme interest to the student of palæography, each of them constituting, for instance, a storehouse of specimens of handwriting, in two or three hundred different monasteries in England or abroad at the same date; but as materials for the Monasticon of any particular country, they afford evidence of the most authentic character hitherto but little used and especially rich in topographical detail. The distance travelled in some cases by the *rotularii* is quite astounding. One of the most interesting of these rolls is that which was despatched by the religious children of St. Bruno,¹ upon the death of their founder, who expired in Calabria, in the south of Italy, on October 6th, 1101. The roll-bearer must have started from there very shortly afterwards, and from the *tituli* on the roll, we can accurately trace the route which he followed. After a long round in the North of Italy, he entered the Dauphiné; hence he passed through Lyons, into Burgundy and Champagne. After that he crossed to the west side of France, and worked his way up diagonally through Poitou and Picardy into Flanders, where he took ship to England, and travelled as far north as Beverley and York. From England he returned into Normandy and thence through Brittany southwards, and on the first of November, more than a year after his departure, we find him at Cormery, near Tours. His journey would seem to have ended very soon after. Very similar to this were the travels of the mortuary-roll of Blessed Vitalis, the founder of the Abbey of Savigny, in the diocese of Avranches, who died in the odour of sanctity on September 16, 1122. Without troubling ourselves about the peregrinations of the *rotularius* in this case on the Continent, it may be interesting to notice his course in passing through England. We find that the English monasteries record their tributes in the following order: Gloucester, Tewkesbury, Evesham, Pershore, Worcester, Coventry, Burton, Tutbury, Bredon, Blyth, York, Sawley, Ramsey, Norwich, Hulm, Barking, Westminster, Abingdon, Eynsham, Oxford, Rochester, Canterbury. After that it would seem that the roll-bearer returned to the Continent for a short excursion among the monasteries of Normandy, but later on we find him again in England at Sherborne, whence he passes into the west and the Midlands, thence north as far as

¹ The original roll unfortunately is not now known to exist, but it was copied at the beginning of the sixteenth century. A great part of the contents have been printed by the Bollandists, in their *Life of the Saint*. (*AA. SS.* Octob. vol. iii. p. 495.)

Pontefract and York again, and back by Peterborough, Ely, London, and Arundel, visiting some forty or fifty English establishments in all.

It must not be supposed that all the monasteries contributed a copy of verses even at this, the most flourishing period, of the popularity of these mortuary-rolls. Many of the entries are made in prose, but there are only a few of these in which nothing is set down but a bare formula. The commonest way in which a religious community show that the roll entries were really to them a matter of devotion and not of routine, is by inserting the names of their own deceased benefactors and members, and begging prayers in exchange. Sometimes an interesting little detail of history finds its way into these notices, as for instance a visit of Blessed Vitalis at some earlier period to Westminster Abbey is attested by this entry of the Westminster monks, the hundredth title written on the roll as we now see it.

Titulus S. Petri Westmonasterii.

May his [Blessed Vitalis] soul and the souls of all the faithful departed rest in peace, Amen. Pray ye for our dead, Offa, Edgar, Edward, Kings; Matilda, Queen; Vitalis, Gilbert, Crispin, abbots; Riculf, Thurstan, Thorkel, Egilward, Maurice, William, monks, and for all the rest. We concede to you a full fraternity and fellowship with our Church, as we granted it formerly to him and the brethren who came with him to visit us. Renewing this confederacy, therefore, we earnestly beseech you to grant the same to us, so that in the stronghold of our heavenly city we may some day deserve to see and know one another in never-ending joy. Amen.

There is, it seems to me, an unmistakable ring of genuineness about this and many similar entries of this epoch. We can well believe indeed that the arrival of the roll-bearer was an event which excited deep interest in the brethren of any monastery, and that he was wont to be beset by eager questioners, who left him no peace until he had satisfied their curiosity. In one of the *tituli* of the roll of Gauzbert, Abbot of Marmoutier, who died in 1007, an aspiring poet attempts a little description of the scene:

Tomiferum fratres ut conspiciunt venientem
 Qui vestros apices fert nimium lugubres;
 Unde domo, quærunt, vel qui genus, unde rotellus,
 Unde vel errantes proferat unde pedes.
 Edocet ille domum, gentem, funus quoque magnum, &c.¹

¹ Delisle, *Rouleaux des Morts*, p. 42; the *tomifer* is, of course, the roll-bearer.

At the same time, as we learn from contemporary authorities, when the roll was placed in the Abbot's hands and the Encyclical Letter had been solemnly read aloud, the bell summoned all the monks to the church, and there prayers or the Office were said for the deceased, while the messenger was taken to the buttery and allowed generous refreshment.¹

None the less, it is impossible to read through the *tituli* in one of the more important rolls of this early period, without being conscious that there is more of literary display than of devotion in the verses which have been contributed to it. The affectations of scholarship have rather a blighting effect upon piety, and, as Father Bridgett has well pointed out, even such a man as Blessed Thomas More is never seen to less advantage than in the humanist verses and epistles of his early years. In the mediæval mortuary-rolls the great majority of the entries in verse were little better than exercises apparently designed to exhibit to the best advantage the skill or the wit or the ingenuity of the writer, and though we do occasionally come upon a few lines which have some touch of feeling about them, still from the nature of the case it was obvious that the monks of one monastery were not likely to take very deeply to heart the death of the Abbot of another establishment, whom in all probability they had never seen in their lives. The result is that the verses in the mortuary-rolls are not favourable specimens of the Latin poetry of the period. They are full of tricks and *tours de force* in the way of rhyme or alliteration, and as to their subject-matter, all sorts of topics are dragged in *à tort et à travers*, with no other apparent object than to display the writer's cleverness.

That the more serious-minded and devout among the monks were not at all blind to the unreality of much of this verse-writing is more than once made clear in the contents of the rolls themselves. "We warn you," say the community of St. Aubin at Angers in the roll which announced the death of their Bishop, "to abstain altogether from conceits which are mere vanity of vanities and childish trifling, in order that that which was instituted for an exceedingly useful purpose may not be spoilt by foolish frivolity. What we ask for from you is the promise of your prayers, which will benefit the souls of the deceased; not the trappings of fine words which are of no avail

¹ *Gallia Christiana Nova*, vol. iv. Instr. p. 237; vol. vii. Instr. p. 278; vol. viii. Instr. p. 360.

for the dead, and often do serious harm to the living."¹ So again at Marmoutier, in the year 1100, the Encyclical Letter asking prayers for Abbot Bernard, contains some very strong expressions on this subject :

We beg of you, holy Fathers, to exclude from this roll all frivolous and satirical verses which, instead of benefiting the dead, only draw down eternal reprobation on those who write them. Content yourselves with setting down the name of your monastery, and what you have done for our Father deceased and for us, in order that we may know what return we also, on our part, ought to make to you.²

But this serious way of regarding the matter seems certainly to have been rather the exception than the rule. Most of the religious houses both invited and contributed specimens of versification which, while bearing more or less reference to the deceased, exhibit a wide range of topics and a great diversity of point. Even such a man as St. Bruno, whose mortuary roll I have referred to above, gives occasion to one poetaster, apparently a monk of Thorney Abbey, for a somewhat burlesque lamentation over the prodigious bulk of the roll which commemorated his virtues. As I despair of reproducing adequately the jingle of the original leonines, I translate freely into prose :

I give thanks to God that your Abbot (Bruno) had more virtues than the tongue of the cleverest of his friends can tell. That is why the rollifer's neck is rubbed raw with the weight of the roll. His back is breaking under it, there is such store of fine things inside. You can think of nothing which you may not find there,—the palace of Jove the thunderer, the sun and the moon, and the courses of the stars, light, heaven, land and sea, the sky and the infernal regions, sulphurous fumes and whirlwinds of smoke, with all that is hideous and noisome. There is not a corner of Pluto's domain that cannot, it seems, be dragged in and linked on to the fate of Bruno. Of all the blank parchment which was there to start with, now hardly a corner remains that is not written on, for it contains destiny and doom and all created things, nay, even the Creator Himself, whom time cannot measure.³

Whereupon the poet concludes that the roll, having been written upon within and without, *i.e.*, on both sides of the

¹ Delisle, *L'Usage de prier pour les Morts*, Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des Chartes, vol. viii. p. 377.

² *Ibid.* p. 376.

³ Reddo Deo grates, quod habebat tot bonitates,
Quot possunt dici lingua sapientis amici.
Inde cutis colli teritur præ pondere rolli,
Rolligeri collum nequit ultra tollere rollum

parchment, there is nothing left for him to say or space to say it.

Dicere si nossem, non est quo scribere possem ;
Intus et a tergo jam pellis scribitur, ergo
Ultra quid dicam ? jam nescio dicere quicquam.¹

It is obvious that these rolls must supply most interesting information as to the condition of education and the proficiency in Latin scholarship in the different monastic establishments throughout Europe. Writers who may still advocate the old-fashioned conception of the "dark ages," would find much food for reflection in a perusal of the tributes, two hundred and forty-three in number, which the religious houses of England and Normandy offered to the nuns of Caen on the death of their prioress and foundress, Matilda, daughter of William the Conqueror. The majority of the houses contributed verse, in some cases a poem of forty or fifty lines—St. Mary's Abbey, York, has inscribed three pieces on the roll, containing in all nearly a hundred verses—and on the whole it must be said that the level of scholarship is distinctly high. Many an ecclesiastical dignitary of the present day would be at a loss if required to turn out, without the aid of dictionary or *gradus*, the same number of hexameters of the same average correctness. Some of the contributors to the roll are careful to inform us that they are as yet only learners. Thus there are a score of lines which follow the *titulus* of St. Peter's Church, Bath, and which are headed, *Vox scholarium ejusdem urbis*. Lest the scholars of Bath should seem a trifle rude and ungallant in their peremptory interpellation of Abbess Matilda's community and their allusion to the sin of Mother Eve, I hasten to explain that the passage I quote is only a rhetorical device to give point to the eulogiums of the concluding portion, here omitted.

Quo tot cum tantis scribuntur, et aula Tonantis
Et sol cum luna, stellarum cursus et una
Lux, polus, aer, humus, mare, tartara, sulphura, fumus
Lividus, obscæus fœtensque putredine plenus ;
Quæ plaga Plutonis procul est a sorte Brunonis ?
Ampla fuit charta, nunc parva videtur et arcta ;
Qua sors, qua fatum, qua scribitur omne creatum,
Atque Creatoris sine tempore tempus honoris.

(*Acta Sanctorum*, October, vol. iii. p. 763.)

¹ Another such writer in the spirit of Horace complains that :

In Rotulo multi cum sollicitudine quadam
Dicendi seriem semper metantur ab Adam ;
At dum pro primi plasmatis crimine plorant,
Sæpius incassum subnectere multa laborant.

Vox Scolarium ejusdem urbis.

Quid furitis nonnæ? Quid amatis carmen inane?
 Dicite rem tandem, rem tandem dicite plane.
 Quid vos buccicrepa sermonum mole gravatis?
 Quid teritis tempus, ventosaque verba rocatís,
 Insuitis versus et ploratus pueriles?
 Quid mors, sera licet, venas irripit aniles?
 Nonne pudet, queso, nobis indicare fletum,
 Quod deficit anus, subiit quod femina letum?
 Certe jure subit lethalem femina sortem
 Importavit enim muliebris suasio mortem.¹

The level of these verses is not notably inferior to that of more adult contributors, but we find here and there among the rolls a few lines for which the special indulgence of the reader is claimed by the heading, *versus pueriles*. These more obviously betray the hand of a beginner. Such for instance is the distich contributed by the little *clergeons* of St. Germain, Auxerre, in honour of Blessed Vitalis.

Abbas Vitalis tibi sit lax [*sic; for lux?*], vita perhennis
 Nam dum vixisti vestes escamque dedisti.

The schoolboy mind seems always to have had a prejudice in favour of the first of the corporal works of mercy. It is amusing to find that the children of Salisbury having also, it appears, been required to furnish a contribution to the same roll, have "cribbed" entire this brilliant distich of their fellows of Auxerre, and incorporated it in their own effusion.

O flos Vitalis, monacorum gloria, mortem
 Nocte dieque tuam lugent monachique parentes.

Abas Vitalis, tibi sit laux [*sic*] vita perhennis
 Nam dum vixisti vestes escamque dedisti.
 Pauperibus justus largus blandusque fuisti.²

The religious houses for women do not so frequently contribute verses as the monasteries, but their titles are written in Latin, and the Latin, generally speaking, is correct. M. Delisle points out as an exception which from its rarity proves the rule, the *titulus* inscribed on the roll of Blessed Vitalis by the nuns of Fontevraud.

Titulus Sancte Marie Fontis Evaridi.

Scimus fratres karissimi, quia doletis de pissimum patrem quam amisistis in hac luce, sed credimus quod regnat in eterna beatitudine, nos tamen sumus sociate vestre dolori, quia erat nobis pius atque

¹ Delisle, *Rouleaux*, p. 192.

² Delisle, *Rouleaux*, p. 338.

dilectus, et juxta Johannis vocem, Deus karitas est, propter hoc impendimus ei modicum beneficium de caritati dulcedine, hæc sunt ecc psalteria et totidem vigiliæ. Orate pro piissimo patre nostro Roberto, et pro Hersende karissimea matre nostra, pro Domino Petro Pictavensis episcopo, &c.¹

At Argenteuil, however, the nuns have contributed to the roll some Latin verses which may count amongst the most successful of the whole collection. A few lines may be quoted as a specimen :

Flet pastore pio grex desolatus adempto
Soletur miseras turba fidelis oves.
Proh dolor ! hunc morsu sublatum mortis edaci
Non dolor aut gemitus vivificare queunt.

M. Delisle conjectures with considerable probability that the verses in question were written by no less a person than Heloise, the friend of Abelard. Let me place beside them some few verses from another roll, the composition of a grand-daughter of William the Conqueror's, at Winchester, written in honour of her aunt, Abbess Matilda.

Versus cujusdam neptis sue.

Post obitum matri prope sis, reverenda	Maria.
Nomine Mathildi pia sis, benedicta	Maria.
Hanc bene defendas, fortis virtute	Maria.
Ne tenebras timeat, te præduce, clara	Maria.
Non hostis noceat, te visa, virgo	Maria.
Insidians taceat, te judice, domna	Maria.
Et fraudes reprimat, te convincente,	Maria. ²

This last specimen exhibits a style of artifice very common in these productions. Another equally in favour was the play upon words, and it will be readily believed that a name like Vitalis, for instance, lent itself grandly for such a purpose.

Vitam Vitalis, Vitalem vita reliquit.

So, and much more to the same effect, writes a canon of Paris ; but a monk of Orleans more than rivals him.

Dum vixit, vita vixit Vitalis honesta
Nunc possit vita vivere perpetua.
Non facit hæc vita vitalem sed moribundum,
Vitalem faciat vita perennis eum.³

Another poet ingeniously finds a connection between *Vitalis* and *vitis* :

Possideat vitam Vitalis, vitis amator
Per vitem vitam, cœli vivens habitator,⁴

¹ L. Delisle, *Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des Chartes*, vol. viii. p. 388.

² Delisle, *Rouleaux*, p. 299.

³ *Ibid.* p. 320.

⁴ P. 331.

but the reader will hardly care for any more specimens of this kind.

In fear of extending this paper to too great a length, I shall not attempt to give any specimens of the "encyclical" itself, the *breve*, *planctus*, *lamentatio*, or *litera encyclica*, as it was variously called, in which the brethren of the deceased bore testimony to his virtues, and invited the religious communities to whom the roll was directed to pray for his soul. Nothing could be more stilted and inflated than the style of these effusions, and in the later period of these mortuary rolls, it seems to have been regarded as a duty to spin them out to a length which in printing occupies three, four, five, or even more, octavo pages. A good example of this sort of composition may be found in the roll of John de Hothom, Bishop of Ely († 1336), published by Mr. Albert Way,¹ from the original at Canterbury. A single sentence will sufficiently illustrate the kind of thing :

We are mourning over him as over our only son, and the voice of the widowed turtle has been heard in our land ; the voice, I say, of Rama has been heard lamenting and wailing, our Rachel, grieving not for her sons, but for her husband, not for her little ones, but for the father of her little ones, the guardian of the orphan, the reliever of the poor, the consoler of the afflicted, the refuge of the outcast, the protector of widows, the mighty champion against the assailants of the Church, the ruthless chastiser of the ungodly, the defender of our country, who with his power and might has trodden under foot the necks of the proud and the arrogant, and who with ready aid was prompt to lend assistance to all who cried unto him in the time of their tribulation.

And so on. The writer proceeds to style him another Moses, another Jacob, another Aaron, another Mathathias, another Jonathan, and Symon, and David, &c., all with illustrative Scriptural allusions.

In many ways the rolls of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries differ from those of earlier date. While the encyclical grew longer, and, if possible, more pretentious than before, and while the illuminations at the head of the roll often became larger and more sumptuous, the verses, on the other hand, almost entirely disappear, and the *tituli*, or entries of the different monasteries, are reduced to a series of bare repetitions of the same unvarying formula, in two or three hundred different handwritings. It is possible that the more serious minded of the clergy had succeeded in impressing their fellow-religious

¹ *Communications of the Cambridge Archaeological Society*, vol. i. p. 134.

with the vanity of such literary exhibitions, but I am more inclined to believe that the multiplication of these documents had led to a certain loss of interest in them, and that in most cases the entry of a *titulus* on a roll had become almost as much a matter of routine as the stamping of a *visé* on a modern passport. During the last two or three centuries before the Reformation, it had become the custom to draw up such a roll on the death of every abbot, or person of any consequence, and besides this, we know that there were lists of the brethren who died in the ordinary course, sent round by most religious houses at certain stated intervals.¹ All the greater monasteries seem to have had an officially-appointed roll-bearer of their own, called in the documents a *breviator*, and to have kept him in permanent employment. Hence I should hardly think it an extravagant supposition to conjecture that an abbey like that of St. Albans may have been visited by five or six hundred such messengers in the course of the twelvemonth, and may have depended largely upon their comings and goings for its communications with the outside world. If this were the case, it is no wonder that the entries in each roll should be reduced to a mere formula, often very carelessly written down by a subordinate, and sometimes ignorant official. The condition of the extant specimens belonging to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries points strongly to the same conclusion. There seems to be a larger collection in the chapter library at Durham than anywhere else in England, and the editor who has printed the bulk of their contents in the volume devoted to them by the Surtees Society, may claim to speak with exceptional authority. Now Mr. Raine, in his interesting Preface, emphatically bears witness to the careless and perfunctory way in which the *tituli* have been entered in these Durham rolls. The formula used by all, almost without exception, is extremely simple. The first entry in the first roll which Mr. Raine has printed will serve as an example for the rest. It runs thus :

Titulus Monasterii beatæ Mariæ de Gyseburn in Clyveland, Ordinis Sti. Augustini, Eboracensis dioceseos. Anima Magistri Wilelmi Ebchestre et anima Magistri Johannis Burnby et animæ omnium fidelium defunctorum per misericordiam Dei in pace requiescant.

Vestris nostra damus, pro nostris vestra rogamus.

¹ See the specimens of encyclicals for this purpose printed in the Surtees Society's volume, pp. 136, 139.

This with a simple change of the name and diocese of the monastery writing it, is the form repeated several hundred times in the roll sent out to beg prayers for the souls of Priors Ebchester and Burnby. It might seem that there would be little room for blundering in copying a sentence of this sort, which in any case every scribe must have known perfectly by heart. But as Mr. Raine points out, the negligence of the writers is shown in the endless mistakes made over the proper names Ebchester and Burnby. Leaving out of account the variants which can reasonably be regarded as the phonetic equivalents of the original, we find for instance the name Burnby converted into Burnly, Buryly, Bournely, Burnabury, Buribi, Burby, Burnbun, Birunby, Bornenbur, and that of Ebchester disguised as Eglhestre, Colchester, Suchester, Obghester, Chechester, Eucherster, &c. Mr. Raine seems fully warranted in inferring that most certainly the scribe in these cases had not taken the trouble to unwind the roll to read the encyclical prefixed to it, and that often he had not even glanced at the entry above his own, but set down the names as his ear had imperfectly caught them from the lips of the messenger. Cases even occur when an entirely different person is named from the subject of the roll, a circumstance probably due to the fact that two or more such documents have been presented at the same time and the scribe has confused them. Still it must not be supposed that at this later period no pains were ever taken with the titles of the monasteries. The writing is often very neat and regular, here and there an illuminated or elaborately designed capital is still introduced, reminding one of some of the beautiful entries¹ of the twelfth century rolls, and occasionally when some scribe has attempted, not too successfully, some rather ambitious performance with pen or pencil, he has the grace to apologize for its imperfections. "Scriptum in haste," we find recorded against one rather coarsely executed initial letter—a plea evidently intended to excuse bad penmanship. So also one of the rare instances of an attempted verse in these Durham rolls has reference to another small illumination of the same character by one Thomas de Snayht.

Hortor ego Thomas de Snayht ne sit pede trita
Litera præcedens, quia non est arte polita.

The writer begs that his initial letter may not be treated with

¹ Some of the most beautiful letters facsimiled in the *Mémoires de la Société des Antiquaires de Normandie*, second series, vol. vii. are from English houses.

indignity because it is not very artistically finished. On the other hand, as remarked above, although much less care has been spent in these later rolls on the *tituli* added by the monasteries which received them, the illuminations of the encyclical portion executed by the community that sent them out are occasionally of the most gorgeous description, and it would appear from the East Dereham¹ specimen and some of those at Durham that the illuminated portion was often detached and made to serve for two or three rolls in succession.

Lastly, there is one aspect of this subject which seems never yet to have met with the attention it deserves. I refer to the importance of the roll-carriers or *breviatores* in establishing communications and forming a sort of postal service between different parts of the country at a time when other means of communication were rare. There can be, I think, no reasonable doubt that the number of these messengers was considerable. Indeed, in the words of the Surtees Society editor, "the country swarmed with them,"² and every monastery seems to have had its own. It is true that the Durham papers show that some *breviatores* acted for two or three different abbeys at the same time. Thus "John Leesemaker within two months of his engagement, for two years, with the church of Durham in 1417, entered into a like engagement with the monks of Furness, for the same period and travelled with two rolls under his arm;"³ while a certain John Cawood about this time is known to have obtained a similar commission from three different monasteries. But after all, these facts are chiefly interesting as showing that roll-carrying had become a regular profession or livelihood. It would even seem from an entry in the accounts of Christ Church, Canterbury,⁴ that the *breviator* carried some kind of badge reproducing the shield or coat of arms of the establishment he represented. Certainly the formal licenses issued to these functionaries, of which more than thirty are still preserved at Durham, show that their status was fully recognized, and lead to the belief that they must have multiplied to such an extent

¹ See Mr. J. G. Nichol's paper in the *Memoirs of the Archaeological Institute*, pp. 99—114, Norwich, 1487.

² Op. cit. p. xxxiv. One of the versifiers even in the twelfth century writes, "Cum velut examen rotulorum venerit ad nos," &c.

³ Raine, *Roll of William Ebchester*, p. xxviii.

⁴ "Item solutum pro armis Ecclesie nostre faciendis quæ brevigerulus portat secum in via, iiii. s. iiii. d." This was in 1415. Way, in *Cambridge Antiquarian Society, Communications*, vol. i. p. 126.

that organization had become necessary. It may be interesting to set down at large the form employed in these documents.

The Roll Bearer's Licence (*Litera Breviatoris*).

To the venerable Fathers and all friends of Holy Religious Life to whom these writings may come, John the Prior of the Church of Durham and the community of the same place, wishes greeting and a continual increase in mutual charity. Let all your Reverend Lordships (*vestra Universitas Reverenda*) know by the tenor of these presents, that we have appointed the bearer of these, Robert de Angreton, our roll-carrier (*breviatorem*), to exhibit the mortuary record of our brethren who rest in Christ and of all those who are in fellowship with us in those places to which he shall turn his steps. We direct him accordingly to all your Reverend Lordships in view of our mutual relief, humbly requesting that by the devout suffrages of your prayers, which will profit eternally not only those for whom they are charitably offered, but also those who piously offer them, you will vouchsafe to commend our dead whose names the bearer will present to you, and who without doubt must by some human frailty have offended their Creator, to Him of whose mercy there is no end, and that you will extend, as the custom is, to this same bearer, for charity's sake, the benefit of your hospitality. In testimony whereof we have thought well to append to these present letters, which will remain in force for a term of two years only, the common seal of our Chapter. Given at Durham in our Chapter the 26th day of April, Anno Domini, 1343.¹

Let me conclude with a conjecture which, even though I can offer for it no direct and valid evidence, seems worthy of mention here, if only in the hope that others may possibly be able to supply the link which I have failed to find. It is generally admitted that our English word *rigmarole* comes from a form *ragman-roll*, which existed in the fourteenth century, and which was used popularly to describe some kind of parchment *rotulus*, one more especially from which a good many strings and seals are hanging down untidily. The phrase is not of common occurrence in early English. The instances collected by those who have discussed the subject hardly amount to more than a dozen. Most modern editors refer back to Mr. Thomas Wright, who, in his *Anecdota Literaria*, professes to have discovered that the *ragman* was a game in which mottoes or verses written on slips of parchment were bound up in a roll with strings attached to them, by which they were pulled out at random by the players who wished to learn

¹ Raine, l.c.

their fortune. This may or may not be the earliest use of the term, but the word *ragman* itself still remains unaccounted for. Some seek to explain it from the *ragged* appearance of the roll with the tags and strings hanging out of it; others, like Professor Skeat, look upon *ragman* as a word of Scandinavian origin, meaning coward or evil spirit, which may be true, but does not help to make things clearer. Now in this perplexity of our best authorities, I would submit that a popular phrase like this is only likely to have originated in an object with which the people were familiar, and since of all kinds of rolls the documents incessantly carried along the roads from monastery to monastery by the *rotularii* or *breviatores*, must have been by far the most frequently exposed to public view, I am inclined to think that the *ragman-roll* must simply have been a popular nickname for the mortuary roll, and that the use of the word for games or for other objects was only due to a fancied resemblance to the form of roll which was most generally familiar. May it not be possible that *ragman* was a term disparagingly applied to the tatterdemalions who in early times were employed as *rotularii*, and that in this way it was extended later to the roll itself? However, this I must own, that direct evidence is lacking, and I only throw out the suggestion in the hope that the wider reading of others may possibly supply the deficiency. It would be interesting to be able to prove that the mediæval custom of mortuary rolls, like other popular devotions, has not wholly passed away without leaving some slight memorial of itself behind in the speech of modern Englishmen.

HERBERT THURSTON.

The Problem of Genius.

THE subject of genius has interested many minds, especially those of men with some pretension to genius themselves. Amongst great thinkers, this seems to imply a lurking consciousness that *they* ought to know, better than other men, what genius means; while in the case of lesser minds, the desire of possessing genius may have led to an investigation of its nature and condition, in the secret hope of realizing in themselves at last what they have begun by striving to define. However this may be, literature is sprinkled over with divers attempts at the definition of genius—sometimes in the form of casual observations—sometimes with evident seriousness of purpose. Yet, next to the definition of the beautiful, there is hardly any subject, outside the region of pure metaphysics, so bristling with futile endeavour as this; and in comparing one example with another we cannot help being struck at once with the truth and the inadequacy of each attempt.

"Genius," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "is strength and sensibility impelled by strong instinct"—this instinctive impulse being, in his mind, a distinctly inhuman characteristic, resembling on the one hand that "instinct of animals," by which they unerringly move towards their natural end, aided by no function of reason within, and yet on the other hand more fitly called "divine." The power of genius, thus abnormal to the human race, is like the "power of the fountain shooting upward against gravity"—a peculiar individual characteristic which seems almost out of place in the ordinary surroundings of life, sometimes exciting the world's pity on account of the want of deliberation and absence of self-restraint and discipline which the man of genius exhibits. Talent on the other hand is a "more distinctly human quality, uniform in its operation, and absolutely subject to the will." The man of talent is consequently better received by the world, which is usually suspicious and shy of what it cannot see through and reckon safely upon.¹

¹ *Philosopher of the Breakfast Table.*

This view of genius, as the indwelling of a special and superhuman spirit—the dynamic theory, as I may call it—is supported by not a few writers of very different schools of thought. In one place Carlyle calls genius, “an inspired gift of God.”¹ Lowell draws the following distinction between talent and genius: “Talent,” he says, “is that which is within a man’s power, genius is that in whose power a man is.”² And again: “A man of talents possesses them like so many tools, does his job with them, and there is an end; but the man of genius is possessed by it, and it makes him into a book or a life according to its whim.”³ Finally, Mr. Coventry Patmore calls the man of genius, “a seer,” and attributes to him a sort of infallible “inspiration.”⁴

How partial a view this is of genius (if indeed there be any truth in it at all), will be manifest by comparing it with the almost diametrically opposite opinion expressed by Emerson in his *Essay on Shakespeare*:

Great men [he says] are more distinguished by range and extent than by originality, . . . nor does valuable originality consist in unlikeness to other men. . . . The greatest genius is the most indebted man. . . . The genius of our life is jealous of individuals, and will not have any individual great, except through the general. There is no choice to genius, . . . he finds himself in the river of the thoughts and events, forced onward by the ideas and necessities of his contemporaries. He stands where all the eyes of men look one way, and their hands all point in the direction in which he should go. . . . Men, nations, poets, women, all have worked for him, and he enters into their labours. Choose any other thing, out of the line of tendency, out of the national feeling and history, and he would have all to do for himself; his powers would be expended in the first preparations. Great genial power, one would almost say, consists in not being original at all; in being altogether receptive; in letting the world do all, and suffering the spirit of the hour to pass unobstructed through the mind.⁵

The antithesis is complete. The man of talent described by Holmes is evidently the genius of Emerson, and genius, far from being the product of a divine and wayward instinct, is here described as a spirit of receptiveness and accommodation to the tone of the age—so different a conception can two keen minds form of the self-same thing.

¹ *Past and Present*, IV. vii.

² *Among my Books*, series i.

³ *Fireside Travels*, p. 64.

⁴ *Principle in Art*, p. 15.

⁵ *Representative Men*, No. v. p. 181.

But is it after all the self-same thing? It all depends on this; whether anything is to be called genius which fails to gain the appreciation of the world. Is the verdict passed by mankind on the *work*, to be taken as the final criterion of genius in the *man*? If there be any analogy in nature, the answer must be "no." The wasteful abundance of the lower forms of life, millions of seeds which never come to fruit, millions of beautiful things never seen or appreciated by man, must teach us this. Any little experience of life must reveal the fallacy of supposing that great genius *must* make its way to fame. The necessity of gaining daily bread by some monotonous and degrading employment, the lack of a patron, the need of a five-pound note; any trifling circumstance such as these may deprive the world of the services of many a Newton, many a Tennyson, many a Murillo, and many a Kant. The "spirit of the hour" is passing unobstructed through hundreds of minds, that thrill with the lofty aims and aspirations of genius. But some paltry though inexorable obstacle impedes the way, and dooms incipient greatness to oblivion. Emerson's view, therefore, merely expresses one of the conditions for success, while Holmes describes one of the characteristics attributed to pre-eminent success. He whose work does not meet the requirements or develop the tendencies of his age is reckoned as a visionary and an enthusiast, and looked on as one born out of due time; while he who carries the world away with him will be regarded as little less than divine.

But as yet we are merely at the rind of the matter. De Quincey's definition, couched in the following terms, will carry us deeper in:

Talent and genius [he observes] are in no one point allied to each other, except generically—that both express modes of intellectual power. But the kinds of power are not merely different, they are in polar opposition to each other. *Talent* is intellectual power of every kind which acts and manifests itself by and through the will and the active forces. *Genius*, as the verbal origin implies, is that much rarer species of intellectual power which is derived from the *genial* nature—from the spirit of suffering and enjoying—from the spirit of pleasure and pain, as organized more or less perfectly; and this is independent of the will. It is a function of the passive nature. Talent is conversant with the adaptation of means to ends. But genius is conversant only with ends. Talent has no sort of connection with the *moral* nature or temperament. Genius is steeped and saturated with the moral nature.¹

¹ *Autobiographic Sketches*, p. 201, note.

In an added note, De Quincey continues :

As another broad character of distinction between *genius* and *talent*, I would observe, that *genius* differentiates one man from all other men ; whereas *talent* is the same in one man as in another ; . . . differing only by more or less, but not at all in quality. In *genius*, on the contrary, no two men were ever duplicates of each other.

All talent, in whatever class, reveals itself as an effort, as a counteraction to an opposing difficulty or hindrance ; whereas *genius* universally moves in headlong sympathy and concurrence with spontaneous power. Talent works universally by intense resistance to an antagonistic force ; whereas *genius* works under a rapture of necessity and spontaneity.¹

This all corresponds fairly well to the view of O. W. Holmes, and, as a general expression of the distinction between *genius* and *talent*, can hardly be changed for the better. It neither elevates *genius* into a supernatural inspiration, nor reduces it to an instinct ; neither does it make *genius* the result of passive obedience to the influence of circumstances. The man of *genius* is allowed to remain *compos sui*, neither the victim of blind impetuosity within, nor the tool of the world without. He retains in the fullest sense the dignity of his personal nature.

We still, however, remain somewhat in the vague. Granting that *genius* and *talent* are powers different in kind, it would be interesting to know whether they are both the common inheritance of the race ; in other words, whether *genius* is a distinct faculty, the privilege of the few, or whether it is possessed in some degree by every man.

Several writers decide in favour of the last alternative. "Dim, potential in all men," says Carlyle, "in this man it has become clear, actual."² And more explicitly Mr. Patmore calls it, "a faculty possessed in a low degree by nearly all, and in a very high degree by very few."³

At the same time, it is to be doubted whether a low degree of *genius* be capable of development into a high degree. On De Quincey's theory, the question resolves itself into this : Can a man by practice develop *geniality* in his nature ? It is not at all certain that he can. Those who with Carlyle define *genius* as an "infinite capacity for work," would take a totally different view. They would recognize no difference in kind between *talent* and *genius*, and strenuously maintain that, with sufficient will power and physical strength, *talent* could be

¹ *Ibid.*

Past and Present, iv. vi.

³ *Principle in Art*, p. 15.

developed into genius Mr. Thring seems to take a line between the two. After some passages in his most racy style on the "deleterious fumes that have been let loose about genius," he defines it as, "the faculty which begins by loving exceedingly, getting close through love to the noblest forms of life," so that "the power of coming close, not the power of soaring, is the prevailing power."¹

He considers that Carlyle's definition of genius, though not complete as it stands, can be completed by a slight but all-important addition :

Genius [he says] is an infinite capacity for work growing out of an infinite power of love. Take courage each and all who have any feeling. Powers spring from love, . . . all the great men that have lived have acquired greatness in the same way. They observed, they worked, they loved. . . . Observation, work, love, these are the masters of the world.²

Yet even he does not venture to assert that all can become men of genius in the accepted sense of the word. The important lesson he is urging on his readers is this, that, "all can walk *part* of the way with genius. . . . There is a path, which all must tread ; and all have legs. Some move quicker than others, some more slowly ; but all can move."³ So that if every man entertained a secret and well moderated hope of being a genius some day, however fallacious that hope might be, the world would soon be filled with earnest men, all putting their chances and abilities to the highest use of which they are capable ; and the standard of excellence would be raised all along the scale.

Yet this is far from proving that genius, in its ordinary acceptance, is the common inheritance of mankind. No love of the picturesque can restore sight to the blind. The obtuseness of some intellects converts earnest observation into a wild stare. The earnestness with which men of mediocre ability and intense good-will sometimes go blundering on in hope of some brilliant result, would be ludicrous if it were not sad ; while as for work, it is not uncommon for a life-time to be thrown away, simply because an overplus of energy tends to paralyze what, at a lower pressure, would be keen insight and accomplished skill.

The need of a high initial capacity as a basis of genius will be apparent from the estimate usually formed of the character

¹ *Theory and Practice of Teaching*, p. 55.

² *Ibid.* pp. 62, 63.

³ *Ibid.* p. 55.

of genius itself. "Genius," says Blair, "always imports something inventive or creative."¹ According to Emerson, "We owe to genius always the same debt, of lifting the curtain from the common, and showing us that divinities are sitting disguised in the seeming gang of gypsies and pedlars."² Genius, in Schlegel's opinion, is, "the faculty of electing, unconsciously in some measure, whatever is most excellent; and therefore is taste in its highest activity." Mr. Patmore regards genius as "an insight into subjects dark to ordinary minds, and for which ordinary language has no adequate impression. Imagination is its language."³

This of course is special application to art. Sir J. Mackintosh extends the definition to other fields in the following words:

Genius is the power of new combinations; and may be shown in a campaign, a plan of policy, a steam-engine, a system of philosophy, an epic poem. It seems to require seriousness and some dignity in the purpose.

Again, Crabb in his work on *English Synonyms*, observes:

Genius implies high and peculiar gifts of nature, impelling the mind to certain favourite kinds of mental effort, and producing new combinations of ideas, &c. [It is] connected more or less with the exercise of imagination, and reaches its ends by a kind of intuitive power.

These authorities all agree in ascribing to genius a class of qualities which can hardly be acquired at will; powers which, as Fielding says, "are capable of penetrating into all things within reach and knowledge, and of distinguishing their essential differences."⁴ "Large general powers, which," according to Dr. Johnson, "may be accidentally determined in some particular direction." In fact, if we are to believe Mr. Patmore, this narrowing down of general ability seems to be necessary, not for the *existence* of genius, but for its profitable exercise. "Genius," he considers, "must be limited in field, for the individuality [spoken of by De Quincey and Holmes] which results from fidelity in life and art to 'ruling love' [as named by Mr. Thring], is almost necessarily narrow, and all attempt at breadth results in failure."⁵ According to this it would seem that, "a universal genius," such as we hear men of all-

¹ *Rhetoric*, iii.

² *Work and Days*.

³ *Principle in Art*, &c.

⁴ *Tom Jones*, ix. 1.

⁵ *Essays on Art*, p. 15.

round abilities called, is not a kind of man likely to leave a permanent mark on the world. Losing in intensity what he gains in breadth, he will be eminently useful to the community in which he lives, and will exert a widespread influence round him; but all the great forward movements of the world have been the work of men intensely concentrated on a single aim.

This will explain the force of a remark embodied by Mr. Mallock in *The New Republic*, viz., "that the power to find or make an object [of attainment] is a great part of genius." Too scattered an attention, too free a field, is almost as fatal to the eminent success required to win the reputation of "a genius" from the world at large, as those restricting circumstances which prevent genius from budding forth at all. Some men of general ability are scattered because their situation in life is one which calls for many and various activities; others because they feel equally able to do so many things, that they cannot make up their mind which line to take up. And unless we fall back on what we have already rejected—a kind of blind and irresistible impulse, determining from within what a man's life-work shall be—it follows that many a man's life-work remains undetermined till the last, because he is lost for choice. If his general powers have not been, as Dr. Johnson says, "accidentally determined in a particular direction," it will depend entirely on his own will and judgment whether his genius is lost by too wide diffusion, or whether it is concentrated upon a definite and worthy aim. This concentration needs self-sacrifice, for there is nothing more pleasant than the sense of universal power; but it is a necessary sacrifice if a great and lasting work is to be done.

The conclusions to be drawn from the foregoing observations will not be far to seek.

(1) Anything like a comprehensive and at the same time brief definition of genius is impossible. It is a quality pervading the whole man, which varies exceedingly in every man who possesses it in any eminent degree. Yet many-sided as genius is, there is no aspect of its many-sidedness which need defy our inspection.

(2) Genius is no distinct faculty added to the endowment of the favoured few; still less a superhuman gift or superrational instinct. It is a higher quality of mind and character, a happy combination of intellectual insight and warm but sober enthusiasm, needing many conditions for its successful exercise, not

only in the temperament and education of the individual, but in the choice of the object and the disposition of the circumstances in which he lives. The only men we know historically as men of genius are those who have succeeded in doing what no one else has done before, or in a better way than it has been done before, or at a time when it was more urgently needed than before. In short, genius is a comprehensive term for all ability which rises above mechanical skill or industry, and is capable of producing with facility more than ordinary results.

(3) Thirdly, it is the view of the present writer that, as far as the faculty and its mode of exercise is concerned, genius does not differ in kind from talent. It differs from the latter in degree, both as to the depth of its reach, and as to the facility with which it attains its results. On the other hand, a work of genius does differ in kind from a work of talent; since the product of talent adds nothing, except in the way of arrangement, to human knowledge; while the product of genius has the effect of moving the centre of gravity of human attainment a notable step forward and upward.

(4) Finally, the anxieties of a writer in a recent number of the *Spectator*,¹ as to whether the existence of genius is likely to be permanently ignored or denied, may in our opinion be set at rest. Men of a materialistic turn of mind may make the attempt, and give rise to no small self-complacency in the minds of envious and mediocre men, at the thought that genius is co-extensive with the suffrage; but let the world try it for a while, and it will soon learn by experience that education and energetic application will do a great deal towards raising the general efficiency of the multitude; but, however high the standard of results attained by this form of effort, Alp after Alp of greatness will rise beyond, and the serene heights of genius, higher than ever they seemed to be before, will still defy the effort of muscular intellectuality to attain.

E. R. H.

¹ October 14, 1893.

Aspects of the Renaissance.

V.—PAINTING AND LITERATURE.

IT is a relief to turn aside from the sterner aspects of the Renaissance, from the battlefields on which fundamental principles were fought, amid scenes of blood and carnage, to the "primrose path" of art and poetry, where the seeds of all modern culture were sown.

Not only in Germany, but in our own England also was the new age base born. If in Germany it owed its origin to Luther and Catherine von Bora, in this country it sprang into life with the bastard Elizabeth. It bears the marks of violence, wayward impetuosity, and impatience of control; but it is sturdy with the infusion of new life, and rich in its inheritance of the genius of all the ages. The stain on its birth cannot hide the vigorous buds of spring, which will blossom into a Shakespeare, nor all that intellectual activity which is to people the after-world with scholars and poets. It could not have produced the *Dies Ira*, or the *Divina Commedia*, or even the *Canterbury Tales*, but it will know how to echo their strains in its own fashion, and enrich us with *Paradise Lost* and a multitude of treasures.

Of all mysteries, the most mysterious is the power given to evil to produce good, the Divine "thus far and no further," which saves the world in the midst of a cataclysm. We hear much of the "spacious days of Queen Elizabeth," and "spacious" they no doubt were for all those who only asked for room to prosper and flourish and bask in the world's sunshine. For those who would live by their consciences, deny themselves, serve God and win Heaven, they were days as narrow as a prison cell. Society had deliberately chosen between the advantages of considering this life as the prelude to another, and the pleasure to be extracted from the world as its own end, between the prudence of crucifying the flesh that it might one day triumph in glory, and the inducements to eat, drink, and be merry. It chose the latter, and we have seen that although the Renaissance

possessed intellectual qualities, it was in no sense a spiritual movement. Its most religious works were tainted with a naturalism as worldly as it was pagan. Symonds describes the art of the Renaissance accurately in the following words: "Gazing at Leonardo's Apostles, at Raphael's Transfiguration, at Michael Angelo's Prophets of the Sistine Chapel, at Titian's Assumption of the Virgin, we do indeed come into contact with ideas originally Christian. But the treatment of these ideas is purely, broadly human; on a level with that of the sculptures of Phedias, with the statues of Praxiteles. Titian's Virgin received into Heaven, soaring midway between the Archangel who descends to crown her, and the saints who burn to follow her, amid the blaze of the cherub-crowded clouds, is far less a Madonna than the apotheosis of humanity, conceived as a radiant mother. Throughout the picture there is nothing cloistral, nothing devotional. Nor did Renaissance art stop here. It went beyond and plunged into paganism. Sculptors and architects combined with painters to cut the arts loose from their connection with the Church, to proclaim with imperishable audacity the eternal evangel of the goodness of the body of man. In this manner, through the instrumentality of art and of all the ideas which art introduced into daily life, we may say with simple accuracy that the Renaissance wrought for humanity a real resurrection of the body, which since the destruction of the pagan world had lain swathed up in hairshirts and cerements, within the tomb of the mediæval cloister. Art, emancipated by the Renaissance, teaches us to regard the body with joy. Science teaches us that to the body we have a duty to perform."

The antagonism between this glorification of the mortal body of man and the austerity of St. Paul, when he exclaims: "I chastise my body and bring it into subjection," is obvious. We must, however, remonstrate with Mr. Symonds for classing the Transfiguration among those pictures which have a purely human tendency. The influence of Michael Angelo is indeed often said to be felt in its composition, but it possesses a refinement beyond anything that Michael Angelo ever painted. To see only in the picture a triumph of foreshortening is to lose a great deal of its meaning. Three states are here represented: the glory of the transfigured Christ, with Moses and Elias, the contemplative life, as depicted in the Apostles, and the wretchedness of the world in the person of the demoniac and

in his surroundings. In this work, as in the Madonna di San Sisto, Raphael rises above mere naturalism in various ways, as for instance, in representing the mountain as little more than a mound; and while showing in the corners of the picture that the scene took place in the night, he creates a great blaze of supernatural light around and upon the figure of Christ. We may also note that the light in Coreggio's pictures is often supernatural, radiating from the central and Divine figure; so that naturalism does not entirely stifle the Christian spirit in the first generation of what may be termed the schism between faith and art.

But when art ceased to aspire to spiritual things it did not necessarily lose every commendable quality; it perfected its *technique*, and showed forth the excellence of natural beauty in a degree before unattained. It discarded indeed the "better part," but the secondary was granted to it lavishly. Thus the Holy Family known as the Madonna della Sedia, radiant with colour, and sunny with the expression of perfect earthly bliss, breathes the very atmosphere of the Renaissance. We should hardly be surprised were the picture catalogued as a Sultana and Child. It certainly does not recall the *Mater Speciosa*, nor can we imagine that a sword will ever pierce the heart beneath those classical and placid features. The Boy is a fine specimen of healthy, handsome childhood, and hardly anything more; but there is an indication of the height to which Raphael could sometimes rise, in the beautiful adoring expression of St. John the Baptist.

The Renaissance was introduced into Venice by Giorgione, but he is very little known, being only represented at the present day by about half a dozen easel pictures. Titian is to Venice what Raphael is to the rest of Italy; and the three painters, Bellini, Crivelli, and Cima da Conegliano, with their sun-illumined landscapes, bright costumes, and general prodigality of colour, led up to him. About the same time, only a little way off, at Padua, Mantegna was revelling in classical designs and composition, and at Bologna, the Caracci were bringing draughtsmanship to its greatest perfection of correctness. Technicality, however, reached its highest point in Andrea del Sarto, whom the Florentines called the "faultless painter." The Venetians did for colour what Florence had done for form, but as a colourist, Andrea del Sarto surpassed the Florentine school. Inspiration he lacked; in artistic feeling, he is a pagan of the

pagans. His Madonnas are beautiful, proud, imperious women ; everything but what the Christian religion has taught us of the Mother of God. He painted a touching fresco on the wall of what was once the refectory of a monastery, at San Salvi, a mile or two out of Florence. It represents the Last Supper. His Christ is indeed the Man of Sorrows, toil and travel-stained. As we gaze on His sun-burnt, plebeian features, our sympathy is aroused, our curiosity excited. We marvel at the exactness with which the artist has depicted the weariness of expression, the brown, rough hands which speak of labour such as the people know, the coarse garb of the Eastern fisherman, dyed into picturesque tints by exposure to rain and storm. The supper-table is spread and, the day's work being over and done, there is a sense of repose as He asks a blessing on the evening meal. But there is no majesty or even refinement in His face or form, nothing to indicate the royal race of David, much less the Man-God. The want is the same as that which we feel in those of Raphael's compositions which do not rise above the naturalism of the Renaissance, and we ask whether the sacrifice of spiritual ideals, of all doctrine in art, is not too high a price to pay for faultless drawing and rich colour. If truth is the first requisite in all art, then the art of the Renaissance falls short of perfection.

As the taste for religious art declined, it was natural that portrait-painting should take its place. Holbein began life as a wood-engraver, his earliest known work being Froben's celebrated third title-page, that to Leo X.'s *Breve ad Erasmus*, printed in 1515. Holbein was a native of Augsburg in Germany, but he had settled and married at Basle, where he executed several works of a religious character. But the times were unfavourable to such paintings ; the Reformation was leading men's minds into different channels, and Basle was a centre of the new opinions. Several of his pictures were destroyed by the image-breakers, and finding it impossible to gain a living by the exercise of this branch of art, he turned his attention to portrait-painting. In 1523, he painted Erasmus' portrait at least three times. At last religious dissensions made painting an altogether unprofitable business on the Continent, and Holbein came to England in the hope of making a fortune. Erasmus provided him with letters to Sir Thomas More, then Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and Treasurer of the Household, and to Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury. More,

in reply to Erasmus, says : "Your painter is a wonderful artist, but I fear he may not find England so fertile a field as he expected. I will do my best that he may not find it barren."

Thanks to More's influence, but especially to his own talent, Holbein soon acquired both riches and renown. His first picture painted in England was the fine portrait of Sir Thomas More now in the possession of Mr. Huth, exhibited in the Tudor Exhibition of 1890, and in the Exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House in 1895-6. A large family group, representing More, his wife, son, daughters, and adopted daughters, was painted about the same time, and now belongs to Lord St. Oswald. The beautiful portrait of Warham in Lambeth Palace also belongs to this period.

During his first visit to England, he painted all the celebrated men of the time, with the single exception perhaps of Cranmer ; and we are familiar with the square, florid face of Henry VIII. chiefly through Holbein's masterly brush. He also painted several portraits of Catherine of Aragon, but Anne Boleyn does not appear to have sat to him, unless he is responsible for her portrait in miniature now at Windsor Castle. On his second visit in 1532, all his former friends were either dead or disgraced. More and Fisher were in the Tower, and, there being few sitters for portraits, he began to paint allegorical subjects. His Dance of Death at Basle is a striking instance of this kind of art. He was also in the habit of doing little round miniatures for patch-boxes. In 1536, he began to be called the "King's painter," and in that year, he painted the new Queen, Jane Seymour, whose portrait is at Woburn Abbey. It was Holbein's miniature of Anne of Cleves that impressed Henry VIII. favourably enough to induce him to ask her hand in marriage. Holbein had no pupils in England, for although he remained a good many years in this country, he always intended to return to his family at Basle, when he should have amassed sufficient wealth. But he died suddenly in 1554, before carrying out his intention.

We must now turn to the literature of the Renaissance, and as the movement began in Italy, return there, and trace it rapidly from its source to its decline. Boccaccio, who died in 1375, is the link between the Renaissance and the middle ages, inasmuch as he presented classical modes of thought in modern dress. He has been called the prince of story-tellers, but most of his stories are marred by grave indecencies and ribaldry.

Many of them were among the *anathema* cast into the flames by Savonarola's influence during the famous carnival of 1494. Boccaccio's best known collection of stories is the *Decameron*. The *Teseide* is a narrative poem differing from that of the Greek models in that it is a tale of love. Chaucer took his *Clerk of Oxford's Tale*, the story of the patient Griselda, from Petrarch's Latin translation of the last story in the *Decameron*, and is supposed to have built the plan of the *Canterbury Tales* on Boccaccio's. In Italy, the key-note of Renaissance literature was the *novella*, as in England it was the drama; but the *novella* must not be confused with the modern novel. It does not aim at giving any detailed picture of human life or passions. It is brief, sketchy, and epigrammatic, and deals with a striking situation or tells an anecdote to illustrate some theory or moral quality. It contains no subtle analysis of character, but goes straight to its object, which is to arrest attention, stimulate curiosity, and interest the reader by the exposition of some elementary sentiment common to human nature. Matteo Bandello was a *novelliero* whose stories, of a most immoral character, obtained great repute. Straparola dealt chiefly with fairy stories, in which the marvellous was so mingled with facts as to give to each tale the air of the conventional *novella*.

It is worthy of notice that about the time when faith in the mysteries of the Christian religion was being discarded, the belief in fairies and witches became popular. The human mind, craving for the supernatural and unsatisfied by legitimate means, sought it in occult and forbidden paths. The great trials for witchcraft in England date principally from the sixteenth century.

After Boccaccio, nearly a hundred years passed before any important name occurs in Italian literature. Then its annals reopen with the celebrated Florentine, Niccolò Machiavelli. For the fifteen years which elapsed between the expulsion of the Medici and their return, Machiavelli was Secretary of State to the Government established in Florence. His writings were first published after his death, but his most famous treatise, *The Prince*, was written in 1513, in the full tide of the Italian Renaissance. His greatest admirers admit that in this work he upholds and teaches the utility of dissembling; and it cannot be denied that he casts the veil of hypocrisy over the profession of principles which at the same moment are ruthlessly violated. He wrote a history of Florence which possesses great merits,

although Guicciardini's history holds the first place among Italian historians. Guicciardini allowed himself to be blinded by his private and public hatreds, and even Voltaire accuses him of unfairness to Alexander VI., by reason of this bias.

Machiavelli wrote two genuine comedies in prose, the *Mandragola* and the *Cligla*, both repulsive but powerful.

In 1515, Ariosto published his famous work, *Orlando Furioso*, and next in merit to this dreamy poem rank his *Satires*, epistles through which runs a satirical element underlying a familiar, conversational tone. His plays are perfect in structure, and his characters drawn with great insight into human nature. Ariosto leads up to the poet and son of a poet, Torquato Tasso. He was born at Sorrento under the shadow of the tomb of Virgil, whose influence is perceptible in all his work. He was educated for the legal profession, but forsook it for poetry, and at seventeen published an epic which he dedicated to Cardinal Luigi d'Este. This poem determined his future career, for the Cardinal was so delighted with it that he invited the young poet to the brilliant Court of Ferrara, where reigned his brother, the celebrated Duke Alfonso II. Tasso's arrival in Ferrara in 1565, was the beginning of a series of years no less glorious than wretched. The Dukes of Este were the Medici of Ferrara, and exercised over that place an influence not inferior to that of the merchant princes of Florence. The grand scale of the Renaissance obtained there in all its magnificence of worldly splendour. The Cardinal, Tasso's patron, had no fewer than five hundred gentlemen in his suite. At that time, Tasso was twenty-one, handsome, gifted, and sensitive. He was admitted into the intimacy of the ducal family, and a delightful intercourse of intellectual pursuits sprang up between the poet and the Duke's two sisters, Lucretia and Leonora. Alfonso, wishing to chain so brilliant a genius to his Court, suggested various matrimonial alliances, but Tasso always evaded every proposal of the kind. It began at last to be suspected that he aspired to the beautiful Leonora d'Este, and from that moment a deep gloom was cast upon his life. In 1572, he published his greatest work, the *Gerusalemme liberata*. A swarm of critics attacked it, and in particular the celebrated Academy Della Crusca. Nevertheless, it is, in the strictest sense, the first great epic of modern times, even if the *Paradise Lost* is its rival in the next century. In the opinion of Voltaire, Tasso was superior to Homer in his choice of a

subject, though he must give way to the Greek poet in delineation of character. The *Jerusalem* vies with the *Æneid* in the absence of weak or tedious passages. Its faults, an idle allusion to mythology and a softness of diction almost amounting to effeminacy, are the faults of the whole literature of the Renaissance, with few exceptions.

The poem was no sooner published than it was compared with Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, a comparison which, in spite of Ariosto's partisans, it bears admirably. Tasso, infinitely more refined than Ariosto, makes up for a certain artificiality by much distinction, and a delicate sense of moral beauty. His battles are as spirited as Ariosto's, and perhaps more so than Virgil's; but to modern ideas his details of slaughter are revolting. A subtle melancholy pervades the whole of the *Jerusalem*, and no lighter strain relieves the seriousness throughout. Like all Tasso's poems, it is thoroughly moral in tone, in which they differ from so many of their contemporaries. The *Jerusalem* is more in accordance with modern taste than his other compositions; but his play *Aminta*, like Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, is in the artificial form of the Arcadian romance, which Spenser afterwards made famous in England.

If an analogy may be traced between poetry and painting, it is not too much to say that Ariosto, a man wholly of the Renaissance, may be compared to Tintoret, of the later Venetian school, for brilliancy and invention, although none of the painters of that school adequately represent the simplicity of the *Orlando Furioso*. Tasso exercised great influence on the painters of the Bolognese school, and notably on Albano, Domenichino, Guido, and the Caracci; but perhaps Correggio came nearer than any other painter to his particular genius.

Italy produced an immense number of versifiers in the sixteenth century. Among them are Pietro Aretino, whose *Ars Poetica* took the world by surprise with its sparkle and point; Giralaldi Cinthio, whose hundred and ten tales obtained a widespread popularity, and whose *Hecathomithi*, translated into several languages, enjoyed a wide circulation, and supplied Shakespeare and the lesser dramatists with hints for plays.

But Tasso remains the great Italian classic of the sixteenth century, and his melancholy and strange career, added to the perfections of his style, combine to make him the most interesting personage of his time. The *Jerusalem* was finished during the first stages of his romantic madness, and was pub-

lished during his confinement. The attacks on his work, combined with the despair occasioned by the impossibility of obtaining the object of his affection, contributed to overbalance a highly-wrought and nervous temperament; but we are very much in the dark as to the whole of the reasons which induced Alfonso to keep him in prison. His melancholy increased daily by all that his enemies made him suffer. He fled from prison, and made his way to Rome, where he was honourably received, but failed to obtain an audience of Sixtus V., the then reigning Pontiff. He subsequently continued his journey to the house of his sister at Sorrento, and remained there till the Princess Leonora invited him to return to Ferrara. He accepted the summons eagerly, weary of living in obscurity, and pining for the society of his divinity. But if he was lured by any ambitious hope, he was doomed to disappointment, for Alfonso denied him all access to the Princess, confiscated his poems, and tried to persuade him to pass the rest of his life in idleness. He fled a second time, and again returned, when the Duke had him closely confined in the Hospital of St. Anne, an imprisonment which threw him into the deepest despair. The unhappy poet abandoned himself utterly to his misfortunes, and fancied that he was haunted by a spirit that continually disordered his books and papers. After seven years of close confinement, he was released at the instigation of the Prince of Mantua, who took him to live with himself. The latter part of Tasso's life was comparatively peaceful. His *Gerusalemme conquistata*, inferior to the *Gerusalemme liberata*, still contained great literary merit, and he was crowned with laurel at Rome by the Sovereign Pontiff, Clement VIII. It was the glorious end of a stormy day, and Torquato Tasso died soon after in peace, April 25, 1595. Goethe's beautiful poem, of which the Italian poet is the hero, is a faithful picture of the general outline of Tasso's life.

The French versifiers of the Renaissance, and notably of the reign of Francis I., are not few; but although that monarch was graced with the title of Father of Letters, we do not see many minds of the first order at his Court. Among artists, Leonardo da Vinci and Benvenuto Cellini were Italians. Clément Marot is the only poet of any distinction: his *Psalms*, though admired in his day, are not among his best compositions. La Fontaine adopted his clear, concise style as a model for his fables, and improved it. By the side of Marot, the other poets of the Court of Francis I. appear vapid and conventional, in

spite of a manner sometimes light and graceful enough. Imagination was not a dominant feature of the Renaissance at its best, and in France insipid allegories passed for creations of fancy. But if the French Renaissance failed in romance pure and simple, it shone in satire, and Rabelais, in his romantic allegory, the *Faits et Gestes de Gargantua et de son fils Pantagruel*, wrote for all time. Francis himself had some claim to be considered a poet, and learning was represented by Budæus (Budé), founder of the Collège Royal and the rival of Erasmus.

We have already seen that in Germany, the Renaissance, as far as literature was concerned, remained unrepresented, except for Luther's translation of the Bible into the vernacular, the fables and plays of Hans Sachs, and Fischart's *Lucky Ship*. In lyric poetry, the only notable contributions were the Volkslieder and hymns. These last received a welcome from the fact that hymn-singing had now become a chief part of public worship. Luther himself translated ancient Catholic hymns into German, and composed new ones.

But the Renaissance of literature was nowhere more at home than in England, at a Court which had broken with all tradition, and where novelties of every kind were the fashion. A system which, far from aiming at ideals, was content with the materials at hand, was in perfect touch with the majority of those who, gathered round Elizabeth's throne, were prepared to usher in the new era of utilitarianism. They demanded *results* in every branch of knowledge, and when Sir Francis Bacon came forward with his method of experimental philosophy, it was eagerly accepted. He neither invented nor built up a new system, but, passing Aristotle by, returned to the still older philosophers, Empedocles, Anaxagoras, and others, and professed, not to teach men philosophy, but how to philosophize with *fruit*. This Inductive Method, which constituted an entire Renaissance of philosophy, is contained in his *Instauratio Magna*, of which the *Novum Organum* is the most important part. He is the father of modern science, although in his busy, agitated, sometimes ignominious career, philosophy was but the recreation which he allowed himself from the study of the law, or the chequered fortunes of a courtier's life. His essays are models of concise reasoning, brilliancy, and boldness. "Coming home," as he himself says, "to men's business and bosoms," they met almost every requirement of modern thought, and still exercise a profound influence on posterity. Of his death,

Macaulay says aptly, "The great apostle of experimental philosophy was destined to be its martyr." He caught a cold while stuffing a fowl with snow in the open air, and died, after a few days' illness, April 9, 1626.

Bacon had many imitators as an essayist, though none equalled his concise, weighty, vigorous, and somewhat decorated style. The most original of his followers was Robert Burton, whose *Anatomy of Melancholy* has been widely appreciated. Lord Herbert of Cherbury marks the growing infidelity of the times by his elaborate defence of Deism in the treatise *De Veritate*. His *Life of Henry VIII.* has no historical merit.

When a nation casts off its time-honoured traditions, even though no vital principle is immediately involved in the change, the door is opened to a flood of speculation, resulting in individual dogmatizing, and consequent abhorrence of all dogma by the most thoughtful and intellectual minds among the revolutionists. The Reformation in England was the substitution of the Royal for Papal authority in matters of faith; and though the people were too well grounded in religious belief to give up the fundamental truths of religion because of the inadequacy of a self-constituted authority to teach them, there were among the upper classes minds of great brilliancy, but wanting in depth, who saw the fallacy of an Act of Parliament Church, but who had become blind to the divinely-appointed Teacher. Hence the many trials for the dissemination of atheism in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., in which Sir Walter Raleigh, the friend of Spenser and Sir Philip Sidney, was implicated.

Nevertheless, the sudden emancipation of thought which everywhere characterized the Renaissance was, in its lighter aspects, not unproductive of pleasing results. In place of the monarchs of the forest towering majestically heavenward, the ground was covered with garlands of roses, trailing vines, and temples peopled with nymphs and fauns, on which the sun shines perpetually. We have alluded to the influence exercised by the Italian poets of the Renaissance on Spenser, the greatest English poet between Chaucer and Shakespeare. The six books of knight-errantry which compose the *Faery Queen*, represent an allegory which is by turns tedious and enthralling, but always fanciful, musical, and of a sweetness that often cloy. If we could for a moment forget the real background—the Tower, the rack, the gibbet, and the quartering-block—Elizabeth

might seem to figure well as Gloriana and Belphebe the huntress, the heroine of all that sensuous life and colour which are the very essence of the Renaissance.

It would be impossible even to enumerate the smaller poets who piped their lesser lays in pastoral, satirical, or patriotic strains at this period. They amount to about two hundred, and include Michael Drayton, Sir John Davies, Phineas Fletcher, William Browne, and Joseph Hall. But among the literary phenomena of the Renaissance, the English drama, in its dawn and quick ripening to maturity, is the most wonderful. Of all forms of poetry, dramatic poetry is the highest, and of dramatists, Shakespeare is without doubt the chief, not even excepting the foremost Greeks, Sophocles, Æschylus, and Euripides. But there was nothing in Shakespeare's immediate predecessors to indicate the perfection to which the English stage was shortly to rise. If the drama is evolutionary, dramatists are not. George Whetstone, Nicholas Udall, John Still are all but forgotten in these days, and Whetstone's principal work, *Promos and Cassandra*, is merged in the circumstance of its having furnished the subject of Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*. Christopher Marlowe is superior to all the above-mentioned, but the distance between him and Shakespeare is still infinitely greater than the distance between him and his other contemporaries. To what heights he might have risen must for ever remain a speculation, but one scene in his masterpiece, *Faustus*, is more powerful than anything achieved by Goethe in his treatment of the same subject. The rest of his work is vastly inferior to that of the great German classic, though his last production, the tragedy of *Edward II.*, leaves little to be desired of dramatic excellence.

There is not much interest attaching to the lives of the poets, Shakespeare's contemporaries. They were for the most part dissolute and disgraceful. Robert Greene, a Cambridge man not undistinguished in his day as a play-wright, was still better known by his cheating and swindling. Marlowe was suspected of being an atheist, and was killed in a vulgar tavern brawl with his own dagger.

One name alone, if we disregard the absurdity of those faddists who more than couple Shakespeare with Bacon, is accounted worthy to be written side by side with that of the "sweet swan of Avon." It is not that Ben Jonson's plays are invariably excellent, that he does not often distort, exaggerate,

and present a one-sided view of human nature, that he is not sometimes stiff and stilted in his tragedies, extravagant in his comedies, satirical *outré mesure*. The satire of the Renaissance, that wholesome corrective of the folly and luxury, the pride of life in which men revelled, the flattery of the senses, has indeed taken hold of him, and marked him as a man of his time. But his *Masques* and *Epigrams*, his admirable and nervous prose, his poems, all reveal a depth of knowledge that is prodigious, a power of expression incomparable, and make the inscription on his tomb in Westminster Abbey no vain formula.

All these dramatists, poets, versifiers, illustrated the Renaissance in one or other of its various aspects. But not so Shakespeare. The Renaissance ushered in the era of the individual. Of Shakespeare as an individual, we know next to nothing, almost as little as we know of Homer. The men of the Renaissance left the mark of their own individuality upon their work, and we have illustrations of their exuberant life, their degenerated codes, their roseate views of this world; and we have the recoil from these things in Savonarola's passionate denunciations, in Erasmus's biting irony, in Luther's schism. What part Shakespeare took in the Renaissance we know not, for we get but rare gleams of the creative mind, behind the creature of its imagination. Even when we have made our pious pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon, when we have seen the picturesque old house in which he first saw the day-light, and have lingered over his various portraits, his bust, his few existing autographs, his well-worn seat in the chimney-corner, his tomb with its quaint inscription in the parish church, what after all can we gather of the man Shakespeare? His biographies are full of such items as these: "There is great probability that the day of his birth was the 23rd April, St. George's day, the Patron Saint of England;" "he may have had a portion of college education, during the three years when he was fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen years of age," or "it was not impossible that he may have been a scholar upon the foundation of one of the Universities." But "may have been" and "there is great probability," and "it was not impossible" leave us precisely where we were before. What we do know is that he was the son of plain, illiterate John Shakespeare, glover, of Stratford-on-Avon, and was born in 1564, that he married Ann Hathaway, that she was more than seven years his senior, and that his quickly increasing family made it imperative for him to look

about for some lucrative employment ; that he went to London in 1586, and that in 1589, his name appears as one of the joint proprietors of the theatre in Blackfriars. And we soon gather that he not only wrote plays, but acted in them. He had three children, two daughters, Susanna and Judith, who survived him, and a son named Hamnet, who died at twelve years of age. We are pretty safe in asserting that his marriage was not a happy one, as during his long absences in London his wife was never with him, and in his will he only left her his "second best bed." He wrote thirty-seven plays, which we cannot even arrange chronologically, although we may arrive at some approximate conclusion as to the order and sequence of them.

Not only does nothing of this meagre information transpire in his works, but we are utterly in the dark as regards his opinions and sentiments. No character in his plays appears to be the vehicle of his views ; he is a Greek with the Greeks, a Roman with Cæsar, a Briton with King Lear. So entirely did he sink his personality in that of his subject that he is the most cosmopolitan of men. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* we see the influence of the Italian *novellieri*, so well suited to the theme, the light and graceful diction, and none of the depth and ripeness of thought expressed in *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. The characters are ideal, and yet true to nature as it would be revealed in mediæval Italy. In his Italian plays, the scenery, too, is very distinctly Italian, and occasionally the language also. For instance, in the *Tempest* occurs the curious Italianism, "They have changed eyes"—*hanno cambiato occhi*, meaning that they (the lovers Miranda and Ferdinand) see things through each other's eyes. If in his earlier works, of which the *Midsommer Night's Dream* is one, he seems to come under the spell of the Renaissance, it is but because he is identifying himself with the times in which he lived ; for though the story is supposed to have taken place near Athens, the veil is purposely a thin one, revealing more than it hides of the May-pole England of Elizabeth's reign. Snug, and Bottom, Quince, Starveling, and Snout, in the subordinate play, are, as it were, snap-shots photographing for ever the British workman as he was in the days before England had forgotten how to be merry. Students of Shakespeare have sought to foist various creeds upon him, but their efforts are self-destructive. The Protestant sentiments expressed in *Henry VIII.* were perhaps not written by him at all, as the play from

beginning to end is a piece of patchwork by various authors. But even if Shakespeare did write them, there is no reason to suppose that he is expressing his own conviction. As well might it be made to appear that he was a good practising Catholic, from the fact that whenever he brings friars on to the scene, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, and in *Much ado about Nothing*, they are invariably holy men, or because his prelates in the historical plays are all good and worthy people. The assertion that, in the days of Elizabeth, God should be truly known, is put into Cranmer's mouth, where it is by no means out of place. There is nothing subjective in the whole range of Shakespeare's plays. His heroes are intensely, broadly human, and in them he anticipates what Pope said in the next century, that the proper study for mankind is man. He deals with those things which arouse men's sympathies or antipathies, but he has nothing to do with exaggerations, abnormal crimes, or monster sensations. It is good in these days, when vice is so often dragged on to the stage for no other purpose than to furnish forth unwholesome amusement, to remember that the greatest of playwrights would have scorned such bad art, as to make a study or pastime of revolting passions.

If Shakespeare's genius was too great to be affected by evolutions of taste such as the Renaissance of dramatic literature, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford, Webster, and others stamped the impress of the age on all their work, which has most of the perfections and defects of the new style.

The origin of the drama is of course to be traced in the *Mystery* or *Miracle* plays of the middle ages, popular in England from the eleventh to the end of the fourteenth century. The stage represented the world; above was painted Heaven, and below, Hell. The familiarity with which these places were mentioned was often grotesque. Some of the geography of the theatre survives in our day; we have the pit (otherwise denominated as hell), and we sometimes speak of the gods in the gallery, although these distinctions are rapidly disappearing. We have ourselves seen a sixteenth century money account, one item of which was the charge of fourpence "for repairing hell's mouth."

The subjects and titles of the *Mystery* plays are an epitome of Scripture history, and show how thoroughly the people were instructed in their religion, before the Reformation. The Creation, the fall of Man, the Deluge, the Incarnation, the

Crucifixion, the Resurrection, were some of the plays represented, and although full of anachronisms, contained much solid teaching as well as simple pathos, interspersed with the comic element, which often ran into the broadest farce. Of these plays, that of the Blessed Sacrament is perhaps the happiest and the most artistic in construction ; but as they were intended for the people, rough and uncultivated, but unspoiled by modern veneer, strong meats were necessary, and kickshaws would not have been appreciated. The audience became intimate with angels and saints, who in rude, plain language taught them how to gain Heaven and avoid Hell. The devil, too, loomed large upon the stage, sometimes terrible, sometimes in a foolish and farcical light. Finer chords were occasionally struck, as in one of the Townley plays, when our Lord, after the Resurrection, is made to say, that He was more wrath with Judas, in that he would not ask for mercy than because he betrayed Him.

When the taste for *Mysteries* declined, their place was taken by a new kind of play called a *Morality*, which became popular at the beginning of the fifteenth century. The *dramatis personæ* were of an abstract or allegorical character, such as the *Virtues*, the *Seven Deadly Sins*, or the *Fruits of the Holy Ghost*. From the *Moralities* sprang the *Interludes*, grotesque and merry dialogues, farcical and inclining to the humorous. These led to the *Pageants* of the sixteenth century, gorgeous with lace and tinsel, jewels and rich silks and brocades. Thus the scale had descended from the simplicity of saints and patriarchs, through abstract virtues and allegorical personages, till the Renaissance brought in the gods and demi-gods of ancient Greece. Every step is marked by a decline of the religious element, and an increase of technical development. The last step resulted in the scenic representation of some event of history or of social life and experience, such as we have them on the modern stage.

But for a long time there were no regular theatres, nor recognized professional players. Strolling gangs of actors roamed about the country, and to avoid being taken up as rogues and vagabonds under the Vagrancy Act, would usually beg the countenance of the authorities. This was probably the origin of licensing play-houses. The first regular and authorized theatre was built in Blackfriars in 1576, under the patronage of the Earl of Leicester. It stood where Printing House Square now stands. In the following year, the theatre known as the

Curtain was built, and soon, London owned no fewer than twelve play-houses. The Globe was the most celebrated of them all. They were nearly all on the Surrey side of the river, outside the jurisdiction of the City, which was strongly leavened with Puritanism, by reason of which the municipality waged a constant war against actors. As, in the beginning, the theatres, with the exception of the Blackfriars, were not roofed in except over the stage, which was covered with a thatched roof, they could only be used in the summer. The Globe was totally destroyed by fire in 1613, in consequence of the firing off of a small cannon used in the play of *Henry VIII*. No scenery was employed. A tent was deemed sufficient to indicate a camp; an altar represented a church, and so on; while placards bearing the name of Rome, London, or Athens, as the case might be, instructed the audience as to the scene of action.

The female parts were acted by boys, and women did not appear on the stage till the Restoration, in 1660. Audiences were not critical with regard to anachronisms of costume, weapons, or any stage properties. The sumptuous dress of the period was considered good enough to clothe a Roman citizen of the time of the Republic and of the Empire alike, or the inhabitants of Syracuse and Denmark; but the prologue was always spoken in the flowing garb of the middle ages. It was the same remnant of mediæval simplicity that guided the hand of the Italian artist, when he painted the shepherds of Bethlehem in the costume of a Florentine peasant.

We have endeavoured, however unsuccessfully, to represent some of the aspects of the Renaissance in the triumph of classical antiquity, and the rout of the middle ages. There remains, in the next paper, but to trace the revival of Christianity in the important Catholic Renaissance of the end of the sixteenth century.

J. M. STONE.

How to stop the "Leakage."

OUR CATHOLIC INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS AND INDUSTRIAL HOMES.

IN two former articles treating of Boys' Industrial Schools, the writer has earnestly endeavoured to give a true picture of what a Catholic school of this class ought to be, and of the great good to be accomplished therein. We honestly believe that the picture thus drawn has been a faithful one, and not over-coloured. Of course, it would be perhaps too much to suppose that every single Catholic institution in the kingdom is perfect, for in the best regulated families abuses will creep in. We can certainly speak with confidence, after many years' personal knowledge, of eight in the northern half of England; and from what has been heard of other such institutions, there does seem every reason to suppose that our Catholic Industrial Schools are not a mere durance vile, but are homes and havens of rest for thousands of youngsters from five to sixteen years, who before entering, have rarely known the luxury of a square meal and a bed worthy of the name. If, at times, the holiest works of God have been abused by His misguided children, need we be surprised that the best works of good men share a like fate?

Whenever anything of the nature of a scandal comes to light in the public press (and our English Press is so very "public," especially in matters connected with the Catholic Church), it is of course not at all unnatural, that the world at large should raise an outcry against the possible cruelties inside these institutions. In such cases people are usually illogical, and too quick to argue from particulars to generals, and to make the very most of the proverb, *Ab uno disce omnes!*

That there is a wide ignorance, even amongst those who ought to know better, of what a Catholic Industrial School is, there cannot be a doubt. Therefore, it was my special object to show not only the bodily comforts, but, in the last article, the strong moral and religious atmosphere in which an Industrial schoolboy lives, moves, and has his being. There is great fear

that a large portion of the Catholic community are too much wrapt up in themselves, and with the exception of the comparatively few who are interested in Clubs, and Guilds, and Homes, that the animal boy is often as disagreeable an object, and as uninteresting a topic, as he is in the street or alley, chivied from pillar to post by the police. Did English Catholics display a more lively interest in such matters, and did they extend a more willing hand to aid our "Rescue Societies," as well as Homes and Clubs for working lads, what a truly practical result there would be towards making our two millions of Catholics a more sober, thrifty, and altogether better section of the community.

The question now arises, and it is one of deepest interest, what happens when a boy leaves the school-walls, to be cast upon that vast and busy world, so utterly indifferent to him or his wants? Does the work of the Industrial School now cease in his regard? This was briefly answered at the end of the last article, and with a decided negative. Every one who is at all acquainted with the education of youth knows that the most dangerous period, and that most full of snares, is from sixteen to twenty-one. At this age youths have not acquired the sense of men; yet it is equally true that they can hardly be called boys, and they resent being treated as such. Is it at all astonishing that lads, who have been reclaimed from the lower walks of society, and kept from the same for some six or seven years, should, when liberty is regained, feel their old inclinations return? Nor is it remarkable that they should sigh to revisit old haunts and old companions, in spite of the fact that these latter have proved in the past so fatal to their welfare. Do we not find that boys of the upper and middle classes have been known to go wrong at this very age, and that too when brought up at college, amidst every incentive to goodness? Certain picked boys of our day-schools, born of honest but not affluent parents, are at times selected for the highest of all callings. But even some of these, after a few years of college life, break down, and disappoint the hopes that have been centred in them. And yet there are to be found certain pessimists who grumble at the results of our Catholic Industrial Schools, who find fault with the boys brought up there, as regards their fitness for work, and who blame the school system.

It is an established custom at some of our Industrial or Reformatory Schools (and surely it ought to be the rule of all), that when a boy or youth leaves at sixteen or eighteen, a letter

is immediately *posted* to the priest of the district where he has started to work. This duly announces the lad's arrival, place of work, adding remarks on his character, and the like. Here is an opportunity for doing untold good, if the clergy will only take such a one in hand, and with fatherly care keep a kindly eye upon him. A lad of this sort is worthy of more thoughtful consideration than at first sight may appear to us. It is not the case of a wild lad of the parish, who attends the Boys' Guild but fitfully, and is distressingly careless about the monthly sacraments. The former has been for five or six years under a course of training and discipline, which has not been granted to others among the youth of our flock. If he is an ordinarily good lad—and here we speak from practical experience—any little attention bestowed upon him at such a moment, when he is beginning life anew, will be appreciated in a most decided manner. Hence, an early interview should be given him by his pastor, and a few kind words of encouragement will go a long way in the start of life. But should the letter sent, or brought, from the institution become hopelessly lost amidst the mass of papers and correspondence with which most priests' tables are cumbered, then the lad will probably sink into oblivion, especially if the poor fellow have no good relation or friend to lodge with. Or again, if he finds no notice taken of him, or if he receives at most a cold or indifferent look, it is not to be expected that he will warm to his faith, nor be attracted either to the sacraments or to those whose duty and privilege it is to administer them. Remember he has left an institution where for many years he has enjoyed the blessing of Mass on Sundays, and monthly reception of the sacraments. He has, moreover, during that same period been thoroughly disciplined in habits of piety, which are known to bear good fruit afterwards, at least in a large percentage of cases. He has become familiar with the form and voice of the priest attached to the school, whose instructions and advice he has freely enjoyed, and whose cheery words have been heard in the playground. If, after such a *régime* as this, there comes amid the rebuffs of toil and labour the apathy of his pastor, there is every fear that he will ere long fall away from those good resolutions he made on leaving the school, and that the last state of that boy will be worse than the first!

To prove the truth of these assertions, the writer can instance various boys known to him who are leading a most

regular life, and are bravely keeping up the good habits they have acquired. One lad, in my own parish, never misses Mass nor monthly Communion, although he works for a Protestant farmer four miles away, and has no Catholic companion nor any relative to care for him.

That zealous London priest, the late Canon Oakeley, in his *Priest on the Mission*,¹ has some valuable remarks that are well worth reproducing here.

It is a cruel error to imagine that those who are born in a lower condition of life, and are inured to the hardships of poverty, are devoid of those natural susceptibilities which we sometimes associate exclusively with the circumstances of birth and luxury. . . . Again, as the children of the poor have their human sensibilities, so likewise have they their specialities of disposition and character. They require to be treated, not in the mass, but as individuals.²

Many priests have an instinctive attraction to youth, and an attraction it is which is no doubt given them from above, as a correlative to the need in which that age stands of support. . . . No complaint is more commonly heard among our clergy than that those who have been educated in our schools are lost to the Church by scores, if not by hundreds, as soon as the school time is over. This complaint is, I fear, but too well grounded, but I think that it suggests some important topics of self-examination to ourselves.³

With the exception of our poor children, there is no class of Catholics who more powerfully appeal to our affectionate sympathies than that of our young men removed from the supervision of teachers and spiritual guides.⁴

It may be interesting and also instructive here to notice what a boy turns to, after he has left the Industrial School. In this matter, there is at times undoubtedly room for disappointment. To explain our meaning. A lad has perhaps been carefully trained for a particular trade, in which he has after a while become considerably proficient. It is hoped, and we may say fairly expected, that he will, as time goes on, feel the advantage of such a trade, thus acquired, when lo! on becoming his own master, he straightway casts it aside, and starts on another entirely new to him. To those who have given no attention to these matters, such a line of conduct must appear unaccountable, and savouring even of folly mingled with ingrati-

¹ *The Priest on the Mission. A Course of Lectures on Missionary and Parochial Duties.* By Frederick Canon Oakeley, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1871.

² P. 81.

³ P. 87.

⁴ P. 89.

tude. But to those who have reduced the study of boyhood to that of a natural science, it can be explained on strict psychological reasons. In this case, one of two things seems to be evident. Either the boy had been put to a trade for which he had no taste; or, as is more likely, he has overdone the affair, and thus grown sick of it altogether! His very quietness of disposition betrayed no signs of what his future intentions were on this score. In fact, as is well known, the average boy takes things as they come, without repining or discontent—as of course he should. Moreover, he is of opinion that the world at large cares little about a boy's present or future ideas, which is, of course, quite true! All the same, he may have his own little plans; nor is it then astonishing, when we consider how volatile an animal is the boy, that he is determined on a change when he regains his liberty.

To give examples. A boy was trained for a compositor, or type-setter—a chance offered to but few, and a trade that requires a good head as well as a steady hand. It is, in fact, one of the few trades that is not overrun, and that pays well. Young J. G. left the Industrial School, quite an adept at this special craft, a favourite with both the officers and the boys, with a capital opening in life for him. Provoking to relate, on reaching home, he went straightway to a large iron-forge, about as unsuitable a toil as can be imagined for a small and not robust lad,—and there he is sweating his young life away.

Another lad has been four or five years on a training-ship, and leaves it ready, it is hoped, for the merchant service. Suddenly, however, he determines to abandon the sea and go home, which happens to be the worst place for him possible. The result is that he loafs about the streets in search of situations for which he has never had the slightest preparation.

We know of one poor crippled lad wondering, like Micawber, if something would turn up for him, whereby he might earn his daily bread, whom Providence unexpectedly put into a lucrative position. This bright lad, of diminutive stature, with only one leg, develops into a champion clog-dancer, which lively and exhilarating pursuit actually brings in three pounds a week!

A brass band is the usual appurtenance of an Industrial School, and, if well kept up, cannot fail to be a great acquisition, and a source of pleasure for all the young inmates. The daily practice, under an efficient and sympathetic master, brings to light untold musical taste and talent in even the youngest

boys, and their efforts at a prize day, or other such occasions, astonish their elders marvellously, especially those who are competent musicians. But more than this, a clever cornet- or clarionet-player can obtain a post in our military bands, and the writer is acquainted with many boys who are thus earning a respectable livelihood in the United Kingdom, and even in India and the colonies. The brass band gives a cheerful tone to the whole school, for music is one of the most elevating and civilizing arts.

We now turn to a curious fact, well worth the reader's notice, which reveals a form of human selfishness that is not at all uncommon. In our Catholic Industrial Schools there are always a few lads who seem to have no relative or friend of any kind in the outside world. No visitor ever calls to see them, as happens to their more favoured companions; no letter, not even a Christmas card, ever reaches them to show that any creature cares a jot about them. But, as their sixteenth birthday draws nigh, and with it the time for leaving the school walls, a letter will suddenly come to the authorities of the institution, concerning one of these poor neglected and slighted ones. The letter is full of affection, in fact, it is "gushing" with love for little John or Pat, whose time must be up (as the letter insists), and whose presence is required without delay by his mother, or aunt, or sister. Now, what can be the meaning of this sudden and unaccountable outburst of love for one who has been left entirely unnoticed for four or five years? To those who can read between the lines, the solution of the question is not far to seek, nor is the drift of such an epistle so very obscure. The lad is merely to work for and act as drudge to those who regard him as a convenient beast of burthen, and who sagaciously consider that, after five years of good feeding, he is strong enough to be useful. After careful inquiry, it is often thought necessary to find a good situation for such a boy elsewhere, as the home thus thrust upon him with such a lavish outburst of love is the last place in the world suited to him. Indeed, the lad himself, to whom age has brought common sense, is by no means slow to recall his own former experience, which is of the saddest nature. Pitiful as it may sound, we have known such a one beg of his own accord not to be sent back to his parents. We remember a case where a boy was allured homewards by a letter from his parents, to a large town in the midlands. Alas! he was sadly deceived to find it but a wretched hovel, and the

terrified lad slept only one night there, and with his purse under his pillow for safety. He then found his way back to the school without delay, where a good situation was soon obtained for him, in which he has given the greatest satisfaction. Had he hugged his liberty, and remained in his former miserable haunts, what his fate must have been it is not hard to guess.¹

A boy's success in life depends materially on the place in which he starts work, and, strange though it may sound, a humbler occupation is often better—that is, safer—for him at first, than one which is more lucrative, but where he has too little occupation. If idleness is the mother of untold mischief, this is doubly true of a boy emancipated from the exercises of an Industrial School. Such a one has been, for some four or five years, subject to a wise and healthy routine, in which prayer and play, study and sleep, all had their proper place. Governed thus by a code of laws specially framed to mould the character of youth, his career has been a living verification of that axiom of St. Bernard, "Keep order, that order may keep you."

At length the time comes when he has to leave the school walls, officers, playmates, and duties, surrounded by the associations of some four or five years, in order to taste that liberty he has long sighed for. In this case, as in so many others, it is not at all improbable that the anticipation of the pleasure will not correspond with the reality.

If a lad has a good, respectable home to return to, where he can under his parents or others earn an honest livelihood, all is well, and no further anxiety need be entertained in his regard. But in our large manufacturing towns this is unhappily but rarely the case, and the number of those who have no home to go to, worthy of the name, is consequently large. To prove our assertion by facts, we have taken the trouble to apply for statistics in this matter. In one Industrial School, A, containing over 200, the number of boys who leave *each year* (on the average) and have no home to receive them when they leave is 15; in B, out of 350, the number is about 57; in C, out of 270, the number is 15; in D, out of 220, the number is 35. Here, then, we are confronted with the melancholy fact,

¹ Amusing to relate, his younger brother, weary and disgusted with such a home, found his way by a cheap trip to the town and Industrial School where the former had been brought up. There his plaintive appeal for admittance was not made in vain. He has lately become servant in a priest's house, and bears the best of characters.

that we have a total of 122 boys who, when they leave what has been a true home to them for many years, have no friendly house or roof to receive them on starting work for themselves. Since the poor fellows were rescued from the unpleasant surroundings where they first began their life of poverty and misery, matters have not changed. The street, or slum, or alley, has not changed nor improved, the "flat" where they once lived in that noisy neighbourhood is the same as when they left it. Both charity and reason cry out that they must not return *there*, or else the new life on which they are starting will be blighted!

It is imperative, then, for the Industrial School to interest itself in these out-going boys, and, in fact, the most important duty such an institution has to perform is how to so place them out that the labour of the past few years be not lost! The seed-time is over, the good grain is growing apace and ripening, but the harvest will depend mainly upon the measures adopted at this most critical moment in the boy's life. Whilst engaged at his daily employment the youth must have (and has a right to have) a decent home to lodge in, where he may have, in return for his wages, a bed and wholesome food. And now we come to a question which, in the opinion of wise and good men, is one of the great questions of the hour—the necessity of an "Industrial School Home" for the former inmates on leaving to work outside.

We are fully aware that there exist in London, Liverpool, Dublin, and Glasgow, certain "homes" for street-boys, who have no friends to house them, and who thus have food and lodging for a small sum. But we wish to write here of "homes," which are much rarer, but which would be productive of untold good did they only exist, viz., "homes" *attached to* an Industrial School, such as can be seen at St. Joseph's, Longsight, Manchester, and at the Bishop Brown Memorial School, Stockport. Here, the experiment may be seen working most successfully, and the Government Inspectors have been loud in their praise of the good work that is going on. From a consideration of these facts, we venture to lay down the proposition, that no Catholic Industrial School is complete all round which has not *attached to it*, or in *connection with it*, a "home" for its friendless boys after they have left. The superiors of many such schools that I have seen, lament the real loss which an institution suffers for want of an arrangement of this nature, whereby a boy who

has left for good, or who is out on license, could lodge and have the comforts of a home-life.

It is no doubt true, that a certain number of lads who have left an Industrial School, return to their former misery and rags, owing to this *one reason alone*, that their wretched relations have taken them back to a house that never was, in any Christian sense, a home, and have been known to pawn for drink the lad's new suit of clothes. Nevertheless, in spite of whatever pessimists may say (and there are grumblers who carp at the results of our Catholic Industrial Schools), experience tells us that in few cases do such lads sink to the level of the unmanageable youth of their native town, but merely suffer from a chronic state of poverty and neglect, which, though disheartening beyond measure, can hardly be called sinful! Now, had these lads only had a "home" attached to the Industrial School, whereat they could have found food and lodging, and had the residue of their wages safely banked, all would have gone on well. Safe from the grasp of improvident and unfeeling relatives, they would become honest labourers and useful citizens.

But it may be urged, that there are "homes" already in the towns mentioned above.¹ This is true, and great and noble is the work they are doing; but these have been called into being mainly to aid a certain class of town boys, who have never left the streets or alleys where they have been brought up. On the other hand, the boys that have left an Industrial School have acquired, after a course of many years training, certain habits of cleanliness, of self-respect, and of religious feeling, which will last, at least, for a considerable time. Now, had these latter a "home" connected with the Industrial School, they would not be forced to seek the common lodging-house, cheap and rough and not over cleanly. Here, they would have their meals at cost price, and their own bed in a bright and well-aired dormitory, with the religious emblems displayed on the walls. Here, after the day's toil, a game might be played in the school-yard after the youngsters are gone to bed; or in the dark nights, indoor games, such as draughts, bagatelle, &c.; or a library might supply all the benefits of a club-room. Thus would the "old boys"—as anybody can judge for himself at the places we are about to describe—be kept subject to a gentle

¹ In the great port of Liverpool there are four such homes, for various grades of boys, some of whom earn enough to support themselves, whilst others are not so able.

régime, under the general eye of the same authority which he has so long learned to love and respect, and which he has had no reason to distrust or dislike. It is well known that the Government authorities are strongly in favour of boys being licensed out to a place, *before* their term of detention is up at sixteen. Such a "home" as is here advocated gives a good opportunity in fact the only real opportunity, for testing a lad's character and his power of self-restraint. By this means his superiors will be enabled to see how far he is able to put in practice the good lessons he has learned within the school walls. Should he fail on this, his "trial-trip," either through misconduct, or want of knack, or knowledge, his eyes will be opened to see where his fault lies.

A short description of the excellent work accomplished in this respect by the Christian Brothers at Longsight, Manchester, and the Oblates of Mary Immaculate at Stockport, will give a fair picture of what we are so earnestly advocating. A visit paid to either of these establishments will prove more powerfully than any words of mine the truth of these assertions.

St. Joseph's Industrial School, Longsight, in a pleasant suburb of Manchester, stands within its own grounds. It is a well-built institution, with its own church, to part of which the outside world are admitted. The Brothers of the Christian Schools, who took possession of their large establishment some twelve years ago, true to the spirit of their holy founder, lately beatified,¹ have spared neither labour nor money to make it as perfect as possible. The juvenile population number about 350, are drawn from the diocese of Salford, and are for the most part from the streets of "Cottonopolis." The 100 smaller boys, mere children under ten years, are cut off from the older ones, and have a separate building and playground of their own, a separation which the Education Department strongly recommends, and which is the rule at all our Catholic colleges. It is not our object to dilate here upon the fine spirit and tone of this Industrial School. "Good wine needs no bush," but if our readers wish to know all about it, let them peruse a pamphlet, *Boys to Mend*, by the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J., reprinted from *THE MONTH*, and issued by the Catholic Truth Society.

But what we wish to treat of specially here, is the system

¹ The Blessed John Baptist de la Salle received the honours of Beatification on February 19, 1888, and his festival is kept in the houses of his Order on the 4th of May.

of "homes," established by these good Brothers with that peculiar wisdom and success in the management of youth, which is the marked characteristic of their Order, both in the Old World and the New. They soon discovered, that their labours, however happy *inside* the Industrial School, were often liable to be undone, as soon as their young *protégés* left their fostering care to face the world. Hence arose their system of homes, of which there are two attached to St. Joseph's School, Longsight, and managed by themselves, where boys, anxious for board and lodging, could be put up whilst working in the city.

Here is their plan, in brief, that works so admirably and is well worth copying, where an Industrial School happens to be *in* or *near* a town. As soon as a lad has passed Standard V., and is fifteen years old, he is transferred to the first of these "homes," which will accommodate about fifty, and is in charge of a special Brother, full of that patient good-nature, necessary for the post. He now casts off for the nonce his school uniform, and is apprenticed to a trade, or put out to a place of employment. Though the poor lad may be full of good resolutions and naturally delighted at this change in apparel, yet he is warned that he is only out "on license," as it were, a "ticket of leave" man, and can be recalled any moment to the school in case he misbehaves or fails to give satisfaction. Alas, is it surprising that in some cases a boy breaks down rather lamentably, on which account he is promptly recalled, and placed once more under the authority of the Industrial School. Our readers must clearly understand, that he is not in the second "home" for youths, who have left entirely and are working on their own account, but merely in an intermediate state, where he is training, as it were in a "noviciate," for good behaviour. A moment's consideration will show how valuable an adjunct such a "home" must be to an Industrial School, and how all such institutions as are without it suffer a serious loss.¹ Such a "home" bridges over the gap between the "durance vile" of the five or six years, and that sudden liberty so fraught with danger to the weakness and inexperience of youth. It is a real test, the only test, as to whether a lad's former passions or bad habits are dead, or only sleeping. Here the "trial trip" is made by the enterprising youngster, which

¹ This is the opinion of Her Majesty's Inspectors, and above all the practical opinion of those in charge of such schools, who have loudly lamented to the writer the want of a "home" for boys who have left,

will serve to show, whether the craft just leaving dock, can make head for herself, now that her mainstays have been withdrawn. The first voyage may haplessly prove a failure, and the craft need to be returned to dock to be overhauled and repaired.

So in like manner, lads may, and sometimes do fail at their first trial, and at their first employment. The old fault, which perhaps brought them originally to the Industrial School, once more asserts itself; the poor fellows fall, and are brought back to the precincts of the school. It is no secret, as any one knows who has had the management of any kind of children whatsoever, that their besetting fault is a failing to distinguish between *meum* and *tuum*; in plain words, stealing. Now, it happens that a lad pilfers some trivial thing, and is then returned without delay to the school. This takes place by an agreement made with the employer, as otherwise he could be brought up before a magistrate, and committed to a Reformatory. Such a proceeding would throw a terrible damper on his future career, and affect his interest in no small degree. On returning to the "home" (unless his crime be heinous enough to require severer treatment), he is punished in a most effectual way, and one which he feels keenly. It must here be stated that the three hundred lads of St. Joseph's, Longsight, all wear short cord trousers, of the "knicker-bocker" type.¹ The boy, on presenting himself to the good Brother in charge of the "home," is straightway handed his former nether garments, which he exchanges for the trousers, handing over the latter to the authorities. Then, returned to the ignominy of the puerile attire, he is handed over to the Industrial School to finish his full school course, until he is sixteen. The "chaff" that will greet him from his school mates, and the wholesome shame that he will feel as he resumes his wonted place in class-room and dormitory, all act as a powerful deterrent, and will prove a useful lesson to himself and to others who will come after him. He has, so to speak, "been weighed in the balance and has been found wanting," but in an ordinarily good boy, this fall will be a lasting warning for him. We are assured on the best of authority, that so successfully does this treatment work that it is *rarely* ever necessary to punish a boy a second time.

¹ One great advantage of these, as anybody who has seen the schoolyard at play-hours can bear witness, is that they give the youngster a more dapper and boyish appearance. They also economize, as three pairs of these can be made out of the material for two pair of trousers.

As regards the *kind* of situation a boy should be placed in, every care should be taken by those who have studied his character for so many years, to put him if possible to no employment which is unsuitable or dangerous to him. There are some few cases, happily very few, where the superiors of a school are puzzled how to place a lad. Thus there are some cases where a lad has an unconquerable propensity for stealing, and his parents are one or other continually finding their way to gaol for the same failing. The outlook for such a boy is sad and disheartening in the extreme. At times, this inclination seems to be a real disease and veritable kleptomania, since in one case known to the writer, a boy stole things of no earthly use to him, such as small ornaments from a drawing-room. The open way, too, in which he gave them to his companions, makes one doubt whether he could realize the nature of his fault. The future of such a one is sad to contemplate, and he will probably spend much of his future life under detention.

All boys from an Industrial School should *at first* be placed so as to be removed as far as possible from the sight of money or food. Thus, it is preferable to give them employment where the work is *steady and continuous* though the wages are low, rather than one where the wages are high, but where at the same time they are amid temptations that they are not prepared for. Thus, the post of page or cabin-boy is a good chance for a boy who has been conspicuous for cleanliness and intelligence, but it has proved to be for *some* boys a veritable pitfall. For a boy of this class goes from the plain but wholesome diet of the school to live on the "fat of the land," and mix among persons who are as different as can be to those he has left. Food, as well as money, may be often thrown in his path. The result is, he sometimes helps himself; or, again, growing conceited in his new sphere, he gives "cheek" to the older servants, and then a summary dismissal follows. A boy in such a situation is often to be pitied. As a tailor or a shoemaker, or in hard work of any description, he would have thrived capitally and gained his livelihood; but in the sybarite life just mentioned, where good living and enforced idleness abound, he has come to grief.

We have alluded to the "home" at Longsight, where fifty boys are comfortably lodged, their surplus cash being banked for them. But besides this, the Christian Brothers have a second home, for those that have left entirely, and are on their "own hook." In this latter, there are about twenty youths, of

sixteen and upwards, who are welcome to stay here as long as they please, in fact until they are married, provided only they observe the few simple rules laid down for the management of the institution. What a blessing such a place is for youth at this most critical period of life, only those who have seen it can possibly imagine. Such a "home" as this, is something far different to a mere lodging-house, for it has a club-room attached, where are billiards, bagatelle, and other games which youth delights in, as well as Catholic newspapers and a library. Those that have to rise at an early hour for work, often at 5 or 5.30, retire betimes to their own dormitory, where the pious pictures that adorn the walls, and the holy water stoup near the door, all tend to keep up a thoroughly Catholic tone.

That our readers may realize such a blessing, we again quote the words of that zealous London pastor, the late Canon Oakeley:

With the exception of our poor children, there is no class of Catholics who more powerfully appeal to our affectionate sympathies than that of young men removed from the immediate supervision of teachers and spiritual guides, and plunged into the midst of a world which tries by countless fascinations to beguile them into its meshes, and counteract the teachings of the Church, which it hates with a sagacious instinct as the only enemy whose power is greater than its own.¹

One thing seems specially worthy of mention here in connection with the Longsight Boys' Home. The Brother who is in charge, rises so early in the morning, that a cup of tea may be prepared for all those lads, who have to be at work by six o'clock. This is a unique act of charity, which no lodging-house keeper would care to do. Nay, how many working-men's wives ever rise at such an hour, so as to light a fire and have the kettle boiling? The poor bread-winner must turn out in all weather, with no other solace but his pipe, until the hour arrives for him to eat the scanty meal tied up in his handkerchief.

About seven miles from Manchester, there exists at the Bishop Brown Memorial School, Stockport, a similiar "home" to the one we have just been describing. It has been built to hold about thirty boys. Some of these are "licensed out" to work in the town or neighbourhood, and others are working on their own account, who having reached the age of sixteen are entirely free from further school-trammels, but by a recent law

¹ *The Priest on the Mission*, p. 89.

are under supervision until eighteen years of age. Here there is a spacious dining-hall, the walls of which are adorned with many handsome pictures, where the boys can get their meals hot from the small kitchen adjoining, which is presided over by one of the Sisters belonging to the Industrial School. Here a library and games afford amusement in the dark nights after the day's toil is over. The lavatory is in the basement, and in the top storey is the bright and well-aired dormitory with its pious pictures, and holy water stoup near the door.

As we now draw this article to a close, we may be allowed to state that our sole object has been to create a strong interest and to enlist every possible sympathy in our Catholic Industrial Schools, by unfolding to some extent the excellent work that is carried on there. The work is going on silently and steadily in these various institutions throughout the kingdom, and though unseen and unknown to the community at large, it is not the less efficaciously turning out good members of society. At last, just as the nineteenth century is closing in, we are beginning to see, that not mere philanthropy, (often only a veneer), but sympathetic kindness and paternal treatment is the real secret of success in our dealings with the helpless and homeless little ones of God. Were our Government only less parsimonious in its assistance, and did it but aid our poverty-stricken Church with greater generosity, much more might still be done in building, enlarging, and improving our Industrial Schools and Homes. Surely, our authorities are not so blind as not to see, that all such institutions are called into being to rescue those, who, if not taken in hand *early*, would in all probability be liable to drift away, and thus one day swell the ranks of our criminal population. Some sage has shrewdly said, that the future greatness of a nation depends upon the education of its children. It is a fact, that within recent times, more than one gaol has been closed, as unnecessary. Were there more Industrial Schools it might not be too sanguine to prophesy, that a day will come when prisons will not be required!

Despite our poverty, wonders of charity have been accomplished by the Catholics of Great Britain within the past fifty years, and vast sums have been spent in the amelioration of almost every form of human misery. Yet, there still remains much to be done. In the various Workhouse Schools there are numbers of children, more or less orphans, whose *sole crime* has been their poverty, and who, having been guilty of no *escapade*

such as would have caused their committal to an Industrial School, or Reformatory, are thus worse off than the children in such institutions. For in the Workhouse School, where the young of all creeds are herded together, how can our Catholic children be brought up untainted, as regards faith and morals? Here, in daily contact with those who have never had instilled into their young hearts habits of purity and modesty, and who have never experienced the efficacy of the life-giving sacraments, how *can* they under such circumstances be reared in habits of piety and morality?

Let us quote a sad case of bigotry that was once in vogue at the Kirkdale Industrial Schools, near Liverpool. The case is given by the late Rev. John Kelly in his life of Bishop O'Reilly, in the *Ushaw Magazine*, 1895, pp. 221, 223. In this School, which was built to train the older boys of the Workhouse School in some trade, in 1858, there was a Protestant minister as chaplain and superintendent over the whole school, aided by six teachers, and twelve pupil-teachers, *all* of his own creed, and *all well salaried*. And for the four hundred and forty Catholic boys, who were the majority, what provision was there? The Catholic priest, with *not a penny* of remuneration, was graciously allowed to come every morning for three quarters of an hour, but as the children were in four different class-rooms, all his earnest labours to instruct his own (often grossly ignorant), could only avail one quarter of them at a time. For many years, too, no "Creed Register" was kept at Kirkdale Industrial Schools, and the faith of the poor Catholic lads was tampered with in the most unscrupulous manner. If on a child's admittance it was not clear what creed he belonged to, he was straightway *claimed* as a Protestant, and any after-alteration in the Register was well-nigh an impossibility. The consequence of such a system, and of such a training it was not hard to foretell. These poor lads, born of Irish parents, fell away from the Faith in numbers truly appalling: no less than forty, placed out to work in a manufacturing district, apostatized in *one year*!

This sad instance, though, it is hoped, a rare case, will open our eyes to the importance of claiming for our little ones the right to be brought up as Catholics, and under our own training. Hence have arisen what are styled "Certified Poor Law Schools," where children may be brought up without the workhouse taint, and their minds be expanded in an atmosphere of religion and cheerfulness. Those who wish to see the admirable working of

the scheme should visit Buckley Hall, Rochdale, under the Brothers of Charity, and Layfield Schools, Preston, under the Sisters of Charity, where hundreds of children, mostly orphans, are being trained to a life of piety and usefulness.

One of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Industrial Schools and Reformatories, well known for his sympathetic treatment of our Catholic institutions of this class, when once holding his annual examination, made this remark to me, "You are saving their souls by these schools!" How incisive was this remark, uttered in the presence of the Governor and the master, in the school-room, and all the more valuable, as coming from one who was not a Catholic. Here is the whole matter in a nutshell: Catholic Industrial Schools are "saving souls," and amidst the "Leakage" going on in our Catholic community in Great Britain, furnish a matter for no small comfort and consolation. Let all, who are engaged within such institutions, who work in any way for their interest, or devote their services to the same, reckon not of their labour when compared with the glorious results they are achieving: *Ubi amatur, non laboratur; aut si laboratur, labor amatur.*¹

A SECULAR PRIEST.

¹ St. Augustine.

Indian Sketches in Black and White.

VI.—A PEARL AMONG CITIES.

IN the days of the century's youth a drive of seventy-two miles would be regarded as a mere bagatelle, a summer day's pastime. But these are degenerate times, and for the moment we hesitated. Only for the moment though. For not to see Oodeypore, "the City of the Sunrise," would be not to see India, and our desire after her beauty prevailed. From Chittor, therefore, soon after sunrise we started in a carriage, which had been sent from Oodeypore on the previous day, carrying with us our bedding and only such personal effects as we—being English born—could in nowise dispense with.

The viciousness and mis-stitchedness of *dāk* or post-horses is only a matter of degree, and to get them to start from each succeeding stage is a question, more or less, of time and persuasion. At Chittor our team were abnormally fractious, and resisted all the blandishments and beguiling arguments of their driver, who, in terms of earnest entreaty, exhorted "his brothers to proceed for the sake of the gods," begging them likewise by way of conciliation to "take time to swallow their breath if they so willed." But as the only result of this affectionate appeal was a determined attempt on the part of the team to back us into the nearest ditch, their long-suffering relative lost his patience and began to kick them in the stomach, at the same time heaping upon their female forbears measureless abuse for instrumentally causing the being of such sons of perversity. Suddenly, without apparent cause, they darted forward; and then for many miles we went like the wind, over an expanse of the wildest and wastest of country—a low, sage-coloured brushwood covering the ground for as far as the eye could reach. Ridges of rock and mounds of volcanic outline rose on this side and that, and acacia-trees—isolated or in clumps—alone relieved the barrenness of the land. A kite was busily picking the bones of a lately departed camel, whilst a

company of vultures, already gorged, perched on a rock hard by, looking on placidly. The moan of the pink-breasted ring-dove, the wail of the plover, and the occasional screech of a pea-fowl or paroquet, were the only sounds we heard, until the jingle of bells announced the approach of her Majesty's mail embodied in two native runners, the man in front carrying the mail-bag suspended on a stick with a bunch of bells at the end of it, his companion running closely at his heels armed with a drawn sword; the former to scare wild beasts, and the latter to be used against possible attacks by the evilly disposed of his own kind—both somewhat slender and inadequate means of defence. Other signs of life there were none, except an occasional flock of emaciated goats with their herdsman, and now and again a line of supercilious-looking camels—some snarling under heavy loads of merchandize, others carrying armed men in pairs in the double saddles of this country. A colony of *saras*¹ stalked pompously in the neighbourhood of a small, blue lake, and chitmucks or squirrels, striped black and yellow, scudded hither and thither among the rocks.

As we approached the first dāk—about twelve miles from starting—a cloud of dust and the sound of trampling hoofs overtook us, and we drew up by the side of the road to allow the Maha Rana of Oodeypore, the highest born of all the Rajpoot chiefs, to pass with his bodyguard of khaki-clothed sepoy. His Highness, a handsome man, clothed in purple and fine linen, is considered by all Rajputs to be a direct descendant from Rama, whose father was the sun. He and his family are the eldest branch of the *Suryavansa*, or "Children of the Sun," and have disdainfully refused to ally their blue blood in marriage with the mightiest of the Moguls. Commonplace, outside people are of opinion that he belongs to a race of Sakas, or White Huns, who over-ran Western India some two thousand years ago, and whose descendants are known as Rajputs in the present day. The Maha Rana was now returning to his palace of Oodeypur with his shikari, camp-bearers, and other retainers after a successful tiger-shoot at Chittor.

Near the scattered hamlets of mud huts were patches of corn, castor-oil, and grain, showing vividly green in their desert framework, and bearing evidence that the land was capable of better things than it seemed. And at about twenty miles from Chittor we entered the region of the opium farms, through

¹ Red-headed cranes.

leagues of which we passed—a very “poppy-land,” only the poppies were pink, mauve, and white, never red. What the effect might have been on the more inveterate of the anti-opium agitators of the radiant, fair-faced wickedness of the land, one hardly liked to think. Then for forty miles nothing could exceed the monotony and dulness of the country. Groups of oblong monoliths were stuck end-ways in the soil by the road-side and splashed with red paint, in evidence of their being objects of worship. Villagers we met tramping along the road, the men carrying only their ineffectual-looking swords, and the women, clothed in indigo-blue and Indian-red, invariably bearing whatever burthen there might be to carry. These “daughters of the sun”—even the poorest of them—are by way of being more reserved and exclusive than other Indian women of their class, and those whom we met always went through the form of veiling their faces, carefully, however, leaving one eye available, of which they made exhaustive use. Sometimes they drove before them haggard and careworn-looking buffaloes, beasts with a look of well-nigh human misery and woe stamped upon their countenances.

At about eight miles from Oodeypur we emerged from the jungle and reached the mouth of a valley shut in by ranges of craggy hills on either side. Down the face of the hills crenulated and bastioned walls were built, which met at the base to be united by a great gateway which shut in the valley. A world of mystery seemed to lie beyond those walls, and as we passed under the heavily corbelled Hathi Pol, or Elephant Gate, the spiked doors of which stood open, we felt prepared for any marvels which might disclose themselves beyond. By degrees the jungle-clad hills lowered and unfolded, and disclosed to the left of us a lake set in their midst like a gleaming sapphire. Then, still in the distance, at the extremity of the gorge, under the shadow of and against the warm, black velvet background of the farthest range, there lay a city piled up in the valley—a city of white palaces and with bastioned walls—so supremely fair that it was more like a dream of enchantment than anything real which we had ever, in our journeyings, seen.

At the last stage we had been promoted to four horses, and we sped through the outlying by-ways of the city at full gallop, and to the extreme peril, it seemed, of native life, to the door of the little dāk bungalow, where we were received by the

Khansaman and a Sepoy policeman, who had been told off to do our behests during our sojourn in Oodeypur. We also received a courteous intimation from the Dewan Saheb that one of his Highness' carriages would be placed at our disposal whenever we wished it, an offer which we made haste to accept. And accordingly, on the following morning, a barouche and pair of cream-coloured horses, together with a magnificent person carrying *two* scarlet-sheathed swords, came to convey us whithersoever we listed. Indeed, the fashion in which the Maharajahs of Rajputana make you free, as it were, of their cities, and place at your disposal their carriages, their elephants, their boats, and their servants, is more than princely.

The grace and loveliness of Oodeypur is hard to describe. Why did not Sir Edwin Arnold visit it and tell the world in his vivid word-painting of this fairest of cities? From the bazaars in the town under their quaint arcadings and corbelled pillars to the palaces themselves, enthroned on the crest of their own ridge, with the intervening Temple of Jagarnath, rich in its frieze of elephants and its sculptured scroll in bas-relief, you find a succession of pictures full of noble outlines and harmonious grouping. Before reaching the Bari Pol, or outer Great Gateway, you see, from the lower ground, through it and beyond it, the Trifolia, a three-arched screen, forming a second or inner gateway to the Palace courtyard. A sculptured gallery raised on carved pillars runs from one gateway to the other, from whence the Ranas, on sundry auspicious occasions, distribute alms—their own weight in rupees sometimes—to the people of the city. In the tower on one side of the gateway reposes the big gong, and in that on the other the State drums. The very mention of them is enough to set European nerves quivering.

The Sepoy guard saluted the symbol of the British Raj, embodied in the red-coated Chuprassie, who had been sent from the Residency to look after us as we drove into the great quadrangular court or terrace, which runs the entire length of the palaces, and which is one of the noblest features in the pile. The platform on the terrace side is supported on a triple row of arches, forming a retaining wall fifty feet in depth, and dropping from the ridge into the valley below. Elephants, tethered by heavy chains in pickets at respectful distances from each other along the vast terrace, were swaying their mighty bodies from side to side for very boredom, and tossed the hay

which they should have eaten over their heads and backs. The palace or palaces—for each Rana adds his own—rise on the other side sheer from the lake, a mighty pile of milk-white shunam in broken outlines of turrets, oriel windows, latticed galleries, palisades, and kiosks—a wealth of fine conception and delicate work. A particularly happy and artistic feature in this creation is the massive simplicity of the lower stories, which, except for narrow slits, are mere stretches of windowless wall, the buildings gradually working up and bursting forth into richly-wrought ornament towards the roofs. Much of the work may fairly be compared to lace-work in marble, both in fabric and colour, for all is milk-white except the pavilions on the top-most story, which are coated in Chinese tiles—blue, white, and gold, and which sparkle like gems in their shunam setting. On the palace roof there are gardens—beds of flowers formed into geometric patterns and enclosed in low marble copings. Water channels form the ground-work, as it were, of the figures, and narrow marble footways traverse it here and there. From these roof-gardens the view over the Pechola Lake, with its island-palaces rising like magical creations from its blue depths, in the water of which every line of them is repeated, backed by the dark-green velvet-clad hills, is a vision of beauty not easily to be forgotten.

Fatch Lal, the son of the Prime Minister, an unusually handsome young Rajput, clad in white satin and wearing a yellow turban and immense ear-rings, led us conscientiously up and down dark, narrow, mysterious stairways, and in and out of doorways that were never constructed for people of British stature—some of carved *shesham* and sandal-wood, others of inlaid ivory; from a court where peacocks blazed their plumage on the walls in glass mosaic, to the Palace of Rubies, where the same curious method of glazing and inlaying—adopted from the Persians—is used in its mural decoration. The idea is a spurious and meretricious one, but the designs are so charming, and the colouring so reserved and harmonious, that the effect rarely fails to please. Perhaps the best example of it is to be seen in a court and pavilion near the Pearl Palace, where the inlay of mirror on a plaster ground is like a bit of fine embroidery in silver and white.

Among the Dutch tiles which line a recess in a room in the same palace—the rest of the walls being covered both inside and out with tiles of Chinese porcelain—we discovered one

bearing a picture of the Visitation, our Lady riding an ass and carrying the Holy Child, with St. Joseph by their side. An incongruous place, it seemed, wherein to find "the Holy Three."

The Bari Mahal, bearing upon it the stamp of the seventeenth century, is perhaps, with its terraced gardens, surrounded by stately pavilions in pierced marble, the gem of the range; whilst the blot in this scene of unique beauty is the palace which was built, in the reign of the late Maha Rana's predecessor, by an Englishman whose name it is kinder to forget than to remember, and "who," as Fatch Lal gravely remarks, "when all was done, should have been tenderly dropped into the lake at the foot of its walls." This note of discord was further accentuated on entering the villa—and enter it you must out of deference to the great pride taken in it by the Maha Rana—to find it furnished in Indo-European style, all velvet and cut-glass, even to the gorgeous four-post bedstead, which is indeed a triumph of Mr. Osler's art. Vases full of showy, but dirty, artificial flowers decorated the dining-room—so incongruous as to be laughable; and yet how vexatious, that men of the same race that has created Oodeypur should so fall from their high estate—and all through "the mischievous influence of British taste." The same inartistic vagaries are very noticeable also in Japan, but, perhaps, because the art of India is so gigantic, so matchless, and so supreme, such inequalities strike one with greater force here. We turned for solace to the marble terrace which "gives" on the lake and mountains, and here Fatch Lal left us to our contemplations and our photography in order to take part in the great Hindu festival which, to the destruction of one's rest, is dragging its appalling lengths of tomtoms, *Holi* fires, processions, and disorders through these many days and nights.

In the later hours of a radiant afternoon, Mrs. Wyllie came and carried us off to the other side of the lake. Our road lay through the State gardens, where tigers are royally pampered and petted, and under the avenues of mango-trees which are filling the air with the fragrance of their blossom just now. And so we skirted the lake to the Palace of Khas Odi, one of the many shooting-boxes of the Maha Rana, who, like most good Rajputs, is a keen sportsman. From a terrace which overlooked a wide expanse of forest and hill, the shikari were:

uttering weird, unearthly cries to call the wild pig from the jungle to be fed. The penetrating call brought them in hundreds into the ravine below to munch the peas which were thrown from sacks over the parapet from a height of some fifty feet. The young ones came greedily and incontinently. Their sires were more wary, and slunk from cover to cover in order to reach the banquet, keeping their weather-eye open for possible misadventure; whilst some surly old monsters never left the fringe of the jungle at all, but stood blinking viciously at the unwonted apparition of white parasols above them. The *chakurs*, a sort of partridge, which came to share the spoil, instead of having their heads snapt off, were treated with great forbearance, not to say deference, by the huge, ungainly brutes. Hard by there is an enclosure where the mediævalism of India still prevails in the death fights which take place there periodically, for the Maha Rana's pastime, between tigers and boars. Native manners and customs still hold sway in Rajputana.

A rocky footpath leads from Khas Odi through a thicket to the shore of the lake, and there we found one of the Maha Rana's boats awaiting us. (A lakh of rupees could not *hire* a boat in this exclusive and autocratic principality.) In it we were rowed over Pichola's blue water to what looked like a group of floating palaces, but which was really the island Jagmandir. Straight from the boat on to the marble piazza we stepped. And in the midst of gardens, terraces, and courts we found the Gul Mahal, or domed pavilion, built by the Rana Kurna for the royal refugee Prince Khurram, who had rebelled against his father Jehangeer, and who was afterwards the Emperor Shah Jehan, the builder of the Taj. His seat of state still exists. So also does his mosque, built by the tolerant Hindu for the convenience of his guest. Some of the interior walls are enriched by mosaics in jasper, agate, and onyx, such as are not often seen even in India. But what appealed still more to our sympathy was the fact that, in this same Palace of Jagmandir, sanctuary had been afforded to many Europeans during the dark months of the Mutiny by the then Rana Saurup Sing, who lodged and entertained them royally and loyally. Among some pictures of little account which hung on the walls of an upper room, there was one, a portrait of Saurup Sing, clearly the work of an English hand, and a woman's. It is thought to have been painted by a lady—one of his refugee guests; and to us it seemed a link which helped

us to realize some of the circumstances of their isolation and the insecurity of their lives.

Row further down Pichola Lake, and fifteen minutes brings you to another island borne upon the backs of elephants in stone, with a marble arcading and colonnade running round its margin. This is Jugnawas, and the palace which covers the island with clustering domes and pinnacles is the summer resort of the Rana, who *says* there are no mosquitoes there. The ladies of his zenana will surely enjoy—if they are allowed—the cool gardens of the Dhala Mahal or White Palace, where we plucked the perfumed oleander, and where the reservoir has been turned into a lotus-pond, with flower-beds in geometric patterns sunk in the water within marble enclosures and ridges. Palm-trees, too, and rows of cypresses shadow the narrow footways, and an old Persian water-wheel drones an ancient lay at stated times and seasons. The pomegranates are a blaze of blossom, and the air is heavy with the luscious fragrance of the orange-flower. The *zenanas* will find a goodly harvest of both when the time of their summer sojourn comes. Another garden has walls covered with glass mosaic in old and quaint arabesques, in refined and excellent taste.

The mountains began to put on their sable garb as the sun sank behind them, but a level shaft of light still filtered through the marble lacework of the pierced windows, illuminating the inner recesses and disclosing more marvels of Eastern art. One room especially was curious and interesting, its walls being frescoed with portraits of favourite and notable dancing-girls of Oodeypur. Beautiful they certainly were not from a European standpoint; but the ideal of beauty being so purely subjective, it is easy to understand that theirs may be the type which finds favour with Rajahs and their courtiers.

From the cool shadow of the palace gardens we watched for some time the vagaries of some ugly snake-birds—creatures which, by some freak of nature, are invested with the bodies, malformed and uncouth, of birds, and the necks and heads, apparently, of snakes. When swimming, the body of this bird is entirely submerged, and only the long, serpentine neck and head rear themselves from the surface of the water, giving the impression that an aquatic reptile is moving rapidly along. These fantastic birds suggested some creation of "Wonderland," and seemed very much in character with the unreal, dreamlike beauty of the scene. Indeed, it will be long before we forget

that night on Pichola Lake. For the starlight had come, and we still lingered under the heights of the range of palaces which rose sheer from the water, their domes and turrets gleaming under the white light of the Indian moon, which had silvered the ghâts and temples along the shore and pictured itself in rippling beauty on the face of the water. Never again on this earth are we likely to look upon a scene so strangely romantic and so uniquely lovely.

The Ranas of Oodeypore bury themselves—or rather their ashes—in a right royal fashion. If, as is commonly believed, the Rajputs are of Scythian origin, it would almost seem as though the tomb-building propensities of their Tartar progenitors had, after a lapse of more than a decade of centuries, and in spite of their religious convictions, re-asserted themselves. Hîndus, with their belief in re-incarnation, presumably attach little importance to their mortal remains. Their palaces, indeed, are regarded as their monuments. And yet throughout Rajputana many interesting cenotaphs, called *chattries*, are to be found covering the spots where the bodies of dead Rajahs had been cremated. The finest among them is the group at Ahar, three miles from Oudeypur, where the remains of a remotely ancient city still exist. A masonry wall of great height encloses the princely tombs, which are merely domes of graceful outline resting on pillars and raised by steps some height from the ground. They are all of white marble from the quarries of Rajnugar in Merwar, and the beauty of some of their detail is exceptional. The irony of things had prompted a colony of large white-haired monkeys to establish themselves in the great mango-trees which roofed in the enclosure. The branches were peopled by them, and as they sat gravely swinging their tails or leaping from bough to bough, their antics and grotesqueries seemed in strange contrast to the solemn pomp of the dead Ranas' tombs, which they had apparently appropriated to their own use.

Not very unlike those monkeys in feature were a party of Bheels that we met on our way back. The hilly tracts of southern Meywar are largely peopled by them. One of the aboriginal tribes of India, they live in isolated huts, and are very distinct in type from their dominating superceders. Small, black, good-natured-looking little beings, they are pleasant to deal with except when their grim and gloomy form of religion

and their faith in the supremacy of evil spirits whom they continually propitiate, get them into trouble. One horrible practice, that of witch-swinging, British rule has insistently tried to stamp out and punish rigorously when the perpetrators could be discovered—a hard thing to accomplish. The suspected witch is suspended by the heels from a tree, and swung violently to and fro, head downwards. When life is tenacious, and she tries their patience too long, they place stones so that her head will dash against them at each swing, and so terminate her tortures. It is hard to realize that within two centuries, or even less, similar atrocities were committed by the people of our own civilized land.

But this is to talk of the seamy side of things, and one loves not, even in thought, to dwell upon aught which can cast a shadow upon the memory of Oodeypore—that city of ineffable beauty, set in a land of romance and poetic tradition, and peopled by a race chivalrous, loyal, dignified, and, in spite of the thick veneer of superstition and idol-worship, simple, and, by instinct, God-fearing.

S. H. DUNN.

Devolution of Property on the Death of the Owner.

IN the present paper we propose to consider three of the ways in which property may pass on the death of the owner ; namely, (1) by will, (2) on intestacy, and (3) by *donatio mortis causâ*.

We will consider each in turn.

I.

WILLS.

The law relating to wills made on or after 1st of January, 1838, is regulated by the statute 1 Vict. c. 26. Every person¹ who has attained twenty-one, and is of sound mind, can make a will, except persons born deaf, dumb, and blind, but nothing short of the original coexistence of all these defects can produce legal incapacity.²

The will must be in writing, and must be signed at the foot or end thereof, by the testator or some other person in his presence and by his direction ; and such signature must be made, or acknowledged, by the testator, in the presence of two or more witnesses present at the same time, and the witnesses must attest and subscribe the will in the presence of the testator.

This is a very important section,³ and its requirements must be strictly observed, for if any of the formalities mentioned be omitted, the will will be totally invalid and waste paper.

Soldiers, however, being on active military service, that is, on an expedition ; and marines and seamen being at sea, are allowed⁴ to make wills of personal property as they could before the Act. A soldier on active service may therefore make his will by word of mouth before witnesses, or by unattested writing. Special formalities, however, are required for the wills of petty officers and seamen in the Royal Navy, and of Marines,

¹ The Act does not relate to aliens.

² See Hayes and Jarman's Concise Forms of Wills.

³ Sec. 9, amended by 15 and 16 Vict. c. 24.

⁴ Sec. 11.

so far as they relate to wages, pay and prize money; and for the wills of merchant seamen dying during a voyage, with respect to wages due to them, and their effects on board ship.¹

A will may be written in pencil, but of course the use of ink is advisable; or, it may be wholly or partly printed. The words may be written in full, or contractions or figures used, so long as the testator's wishes are clear and unambiguous. If the testator be blind or illiterate the will should be read over and explained to him.

It is necessary that the signature of the testator should precede that of both witnesses. Signature by merely writing initials is valid but undesirable. The mark of the testator also is sufficient signature, and if, through illness, the testator is unable to sign, his hand may be guided.

The signature must be made or acknowledged in the presence of two witnesses present at the same time. Both witnesses must be present when the will is signed, or when the signature of the testator is acknowledged. And the two witnesses must both sign in the presence of the testator.

In the case of *In the goods of Warden*,² the testatrix had already signed her will, and afterwards two witnesses came in, bringing the will to her, and saying, "We have come at your request to witness your will." She replied, "I am glad of it, thank God!" The witnesses then signed in her presence. This was held to be a sufficient acknowledgment of the signature.

But it is necessary that the testator's signature or acknowledgment should be made in the presence of both witnesses, both present at the same time, and before they sign.³ Thus in a recent case,⁴ when this was not done, the will failed for want of due execution. The facts were as follows: The testator walked into a builder's shop to pay his account, and then taking his will out of his pocket, asked the builder to witness it, saying, "I have signed it, and I want you to sign it underneath." After the builder had complied with this request, the testator said that he wanted the builder's son to sign it also. The builder fetched his son from the room below, and the testator said, "I want you to sign this here." The son asked what it was, to which the testator replied, "It is a bit of ordering my affairs." The son then signed in the presence of both.

¹ 28 and 29 Vict. c. 72, and 17 and 18 Vict. c. 104; see Williams's *Principles of the Law of Personal Property*.

² 2 Cur. 334.

³ *Hindmarsh v. Charlton*, 8 H.L.C. 160.

⁴ *Wyatt v. Berry*, L.R. (1893), P. 5.

A minor may attest a will if old enough to understand and testify.

No form of attestation is necessary, but, if the formalities are not stated to have been observed, an affidavit by one of the witnesses that the will was duly executed will be necessary before probate is granted.

No risks should be run with regard to wills, and no one should attempt to make his own will, but should employ a solicitor for the purpose; the small present expense thus incurred, will often prevent much difficulty, expense, and perhaps litigation in the future. It is well that the witnesses should be people of business habits, and with permanent addresses; for instance, a banker and his clerk, or a merchant, doctor, &c. This of course is not necessary, but the fact that the witnesses are persons of some recognized position strengthens the presumption of due execution.

Any beneficial interest given to a witness, or to his or her wife or husband, is forfeited, but such a gift does not affect the validity of the will in other respects.¹

A will is revoked,² 1. By the marriage of the testator (with an exception). 2. By another will or codicil, or writing executed as a will, and declaring an intention to revoke it. Or, 3. by burning, tearing, or otherwise destroying it, by the testator or some person in his presence, and by his direction, with intention of revoking.

With regard to the second means, the effect of a later will is, generally speaking, to revoke only those parts of the earlier will which are inconsistent with the dispositions contained in the later; but, "if it can be collected from the words of the testator in the later instrument, that it was his intention to dispose of his property in a different manner to that in which he disposed of it by the earlier document, the earlier document will be revoked, and this although in some particulars the later will does not completely cover the whole subject-matter."³

It will be seen then that, in order to avoid any difficulty, the intention to revoke an old will should be clearly expressed in the new one.

If any alteration is to be made in a will it must be signed or initialed by the testator and the two witnesses in the margin, or some other part of the will opposite or near the alteration,

¹ Sec. 15.

² Ss. 18, 19, and 20.

³ Per Sir J. Hannen in *Dempsey v. Lawson*, L.R. 2 P.D. p. 105.

or at the foot or end of or opposite a memorandum referring to the alteration, and written at the end, or some other part of the will.

No other obliteration or alteration will have any effect, unless, and so far as, the words obliterated shall not be apparent.¹ The best way of altering a will is to make a new one, or else a codicil to the old one.

A revoked will cannot be revived otherwise than by a re-execution, or by a codicil duly executed showing an intention to revive it.²

Every will is to be construed, with reference to the property comprised in it, to speak and take effect as if it had been executed immediately before the death of the testator, unless a contrary intention appear by the will.³ And this section now applies to the will of a married woman made during coverture, whether she is or is not possessed of, or entitled to, any separate property at the time of making it; and her will does not require re-execution or republication after the death of her husband.⁴

If a legacy of personalty, or a devise of land, should fail through the death of the intended beneficiary in the lifetime of the testator, or otherwise, the property intended to be given falls into residue; and if the will contains a residuary gift, it will go with the rest of the residuary personal or real property.⁵ But if there is no such residuary gift, or the person intended to take the residue should die in the lifetime of the testator, the lapsed personalty will go to the testator's next of kin, and the realty to his heir-at-law.

If, however, property, real or personal, is devised or bequeathed to a child or other issue of the testator, for any interest not determinable at or before the death of the child or other issue, and the person intended to take shall die in the lifetime of the testator, leaving issue who shall be living at the death of the testator, then the gift will not lapse, but will take effect as if the death of the intended beneficiary had happened immediately after the death of the testator, unless a contrary intention appear by the will.⁶

¹ Sec. 21. As to the meaning of this and what amounts to obliteration, see *Finch v. Combe*, L.R. (1894), P. 191.

² Sec. 22.

³ Sec. 24.

⁴ Married Women's Property Act, 1893, 56 and 57 Vict. c. 63, s. 3.

⁵ See sec. 25 as to devises.

⁶ Sec. 33, and see sec. 32, preventing lapse of devises of estates tail in similar manner.

This section will be better understood by an example. John Smith, by his will, leaves £100 to each of his children, William Henry, and Mary, and to his grandson Thomas (son of another child), and the residue of his property to his wife. On the death of the testator it turns out that of these legatees only Mary and the wife are alive. William is dead, leaving a son James, Henry is dead, leaving a grand-daughter Sarah, and Thomas (the testator's grandson) is also dead, leaving a baby named Frederick.

Now, under the old law, the only issue of the testator who would have been entitled to a legacy would have been Mary; she would have received her £100, and the widow would have taken all the rest of the personal property. This section, however, alters the law, and the result will be that the gifts to William, Henry, and Thomas will take effect, not necessarily by benefiting their children or other issue, but by going as if William, Henry, and Thomas had died the moment after the testator. That is, if they left wills, the £100 in each case will pass under their wills; if they died intestate, it will go to their next of kin; but in either case it will be liable to the debts of the deceased child or grandchild, and will have to pass through the hands of his or her executor or administrator.

Eager v. Furnivall,¹ is an illustration from actual practice. F. died in 1875, having by his will devised a freehold estate to his daughter, Mrs. E. The daughter died in the lifetime of her father, viz., in 1874, leaving an only child, Grace, who was her heiress at law. Sir George Jessel, M.R., held that Mr. E., the husband of the devisee, was entitled for his life to the land as tenant by the Curtesy of England. This case clearly shows that the section, while preventing a lapse, does not substitute the issue for the intended taker; for if it did, Grace would have taken the land absolutely; but instead of that, the land went as if Mrs. E. had died immediately after her father the testator, and was therefore subject to her husband's life estate by the curtesy, and would not come to Grace until the death of her father.

A will of lands operates as a mode of conveyance requiring no extrinsic sanction; but a will of personal property must be proved in the Probate Division of the High Court; this, in the case of a will with a proper form of attestation, showing that the Statutory formalities have been complied with, is done by

¹ L.R. 17 Ch. D. 115.

the simple oath of the executor, named in the will, that he believes the document to be the true last will and testament of the deceased.¹ If, however, there is some informality, or the attestation clause is either omitted or is incomplete, in addition to the executor's oath, an affidavit will have to be sworn by one of the subscribing witnesses that the statutory requirements were duly observed. In either case the probate will be *in common form*. In cases of dispute the will must be proved *in solemn form per testes*, when such evidence will be taken as may be required.

Any will may be proved in the Principal Registry at Somerset House; or, if the deceased had a fixed place of abode within any country district at the time of his death, the will may be proved in the Registry of that district. In the case of a person dying after August 1, 1894, the gross value of whose property, real and personal, does not exceed £500, application may, in many towns, be made at the local Inland Revenue Office.

When application for Probate is made, the debts of the deceased may be deducted or not at the option of the executor, for the purpose of payment of duty; if they are not deducted at the time, a return of the amount of duty overpaid may be obtained within three years. It will sometimes be advisable not to deduct the debts, for, under the Finance Act, 1894, when the gross value of the real and personal estate does not exceed £300, a stamp duty of £1 10s. will satisfy all claims, including legacy and succession duty; fifteen shillings must also be paid for court fees and expenses. And when the gross value of the real and personal estate exceeds £300, but not £500, a fixed duty of £2 10s. may be paid.

It may be mentioned that wills can be proved by personal application either at Somerset House or in the country, and the officials will render every assistance to the executor who wishes to save the expense of employing a solicitor, and to do all he can for himself.

After the will has been proved² the executor must pay the

¹ Every will should name an executor, or more usually executors. If, however, this is not done, or all the executors named in the will are dead at the death of the testator, or have renounced probate, the Court will grant administration *cum testamento annexo*, to the person having the greatest interest under the will.

² An executor may perform ordinary acts of administration even before probate, such as receiving debts due to the testator, paying debts owing by him, selling part of the personalty, &c.

testator's funeral and testamentary expenses and debts; but he is not liable beyond the assets which come, or by reasonable diligence might have come, to his hands, unless he has made himself personally liable.

The funeral expenses come first, then the expenses of probate and administration of the estate; then come the debts¹ due from the deceased; and in paying these he is not bound to plead the Statute of Limitations.

Thus if the testator owed A B a sum of money on a simple contract, and the debt had run on for six years without acknowledgment, then, if either the testator or his executor set up the Statute of Limitations, A B could not recover the money in a court of law. But, as the testator could have paid him if he chose after the lapse of six years, so the executor also can do the same, and no other creditor or beneficiary under the will can compel him to plead the Statute of Limitations if he does not wish to do so.

An executor may obtain protection against creditors who have delayed sending in their claims, by complying with the Statute 22 and 23 Vict. c. 35, s. 29, and giving the notices thereby required. He may also obtain the assistance of the Court in deciding any question which may arise in the course of his duties. And the costs of obtaining such assistance will be considered as testamentary expenses.

The next duty of the executor is the payment of legacies after deducting the duty.² If a legacy is given free of duty, the duty will be payable out of the general personal estate.

When the whole estate of a person dying after August 1, 1894, does not exceed £1,000, no legacy duty is charged; and in all cases the duty at 1 per cent, that is on legacies to lineal ascendants and descendants, is covered by the duty paid at the time of obtaining probate called estate duty.

If a legacy be specific it must be paid or transferred to the legatee in preference to the general legacies, and must not be

¹ Except debts charged on land. The order of priority in which the debts of the deceased should be paid by the executor will be found in Williams's *Principles of the Law of Personal Property*. If the testator owed money to the executor, the latter can retain out of the assets his own debt, before paying other creditors of the same degree, even though the debt be barred by the Statute of Limitations.

² An executor is allowed twelve months before he is bound to pay legacies; after that time legacies carry interest at 4 per cent. Some legacies, however, such as those given in satisfaction of debts, and those which form the only provision for children of the testator, carry interest from the date of the death.

sold for the payment of debts until the general assets of the testator are exhausted. So that in one respect it is more to the advantage of the legatee than a general legacy. In another way, however, it is less advantageous, because it is subject to ademption, or being taken away. Thus a bequest of "£100 consols, now standing in my name at the Bank of England," is specific, and that £100 of stock will not be liable to the testator's debts, unless and until his general assets prove insufficient. But should the testator sell the stock in his lifetime, the legatee will get nothing.¹

The residuary personal estate, after the debts and legacies have been paid, will go to the person (if any) named by the testator as his residuary legatee. This residue is a legacy, and therefore subject to legacy duty. If the gift lapse by the legatee's death in the testator's lifetime, or if there be in the will no residuary gift, the residue will be held by the executor in trust for the next of kin of the testator; if the testator died without any relations, then the executor is beneficially entitled to the residue.²

Under the old law, no land or personal property to be laid out in land (with one exception) could be given for the benefit of any charitable use (with certain exceptions), otherwise than by deed executed in the presence of two witnesses, twelve months before the death of the grantor, and enrolled in Chancery within six months of its execution, and complying with certain other conditions. Moreover, it was held that personal property "savouring of the realty," that is to say, in any way charged on land, fell within the mischief of the enactments. But the law on the subject, though still unnecessarily vexatious and restrictive, has to some extent been amended by the Mortmain and Charitable Uses Act, 1891.³ Land may now be given by will to any charitable purpose, provided it be sold within one year of the death of the testator, or such extended period as may be allowed by a judge or the Charity Commissioners. And where personal estate is, by will, directed to be laid out in land for the benefit of a charity, it is to be applied to the charity, but the direction to buy land is to be disregarded. A judge, however, or the Charity Commissioners may order the retention of the land devised, or the acquisition of the land

¹ See *Harrison v. Jackson*, L.R. 7, Ch. D. 339.

² 1 Will. iv. c. 40.

³ 54 and 55 Vict. c. 73.

proposed by the testator to be purchased, if satisfied that it is required for occupation for the purposes of the charity, and not for investment.

2.

INTESTACY.

If a man dies without a will, the proper person to deal with his personal property is the administrator appointed by the Probate Division of the High Court.

If the deceased was a married woman, her husband will be entitled to take out letters of administration.

In other cases the widow is generally chosen, and after her the next of kin, failing whom a creditor may apply; and in the last resort the Crown is entitled to administer.

An administrator derives his title from the Court, and should not intermeddle with the estate of the deceased until the appointment is made; but after he is appointed, his rights and powers are very similar to those of an executor. He has to pay the funeral and administration expenses and debts, and distribute the remainder of the personalty amongst the intestate's next of kin; and as an executor has a year from the death before he can be required to pay the legacies, so the administrator has a year before he need distribute the surplus of his intestate's property.

The Statutes regulating this distribution are 22 and 23 Car. II. c. 10 and 1 Jac. II. c. 17, s. 7, as amended by the Intestates' Estates Act, 1890.¹ This last-mentioned Act applies to the case of a man dying intestate after September 1, 1890, leaving a widow, but no issue; in this case, when the whole property, real and personal, does not exceed £500, it belongs to the widow absolutely. If the value exceeds £500, then the widow is to have £500 absolutely and exclusively. This charge is to be borne by the real and personal estate in proportion to their respective values.

This provision for the widow is intended to be in addition to her share in the residue of the real and personal estate, after the payment of the £500, in the same way as if such residue had been the whole of the real and personal estates.

The husband of an intestate married woman is entitled to the whole of her personalty.

In other cases, if the intestate leave children, two-thirds of

¹ 53 and 54 Vict. c. 29.

his effects will go to them and the remaining third to his widow. If he leave no widow, the whole will go to the children.¹

In the case of children of the deceased dying in his lifetime, their descendants stand each in the place of their parent or ancestor, and they take *per stirpes* and not *per capita*. Thus, supposing John Smith died intestate, leaving three grandchildren, one the child of his eldest son and the other two the children of his second son, and, after payment of his testamentary expenses and debts, the amount to be divided is £300; the grandchildren will not take £100 each, but the child of the deceased eldest son will take £150, and the two children of the deceased second son will take the other £150 between them, or £75 each.

If the intestate leave a widow and a father, but no issue, the widow's £500, under the Act of 1890, must first be satisfied, and subject thereto, the widow and the father divide the residue equally between them.

If there is no widow and no issue, the father takes the whole.

If the father be dead, the mother, brothers, and sisters take in equal shares, subject of course to the widow's rights.

If either the mother or any brother or sister be living, the children of any deceased brother or sister will stand in the place of their parent.

Failing all these relations, the personal estate must be divided in equal shares amongst those who are next in degree of kindred to the deceased, reckoning, as in the civil law, both upwards to the common ancestor and downwards to the issue. Failing all kindred, the Crown becomes entitled to the personal property.

The descent of land which an intestate held in fee simple is now regulated by the statute 3 and 4 Will. IV. c. 106, as amended by 22 and 23 Vict. c. 35; but the law is too complicated to be given here in any detail. We must be content, therefore, to indicate some of its leading features.

First, the heir to be sought is not necessarily the heir of the intestate, but the heir of the last person who had a right to the land (with or without possession), derived otherwise than by descent.² This person is technically called "the purchaser," though he need not necessarily have bought the land.

¹ In ascertaining the amount to be paid to each child, any advancement made by the father in his lifetime must be taken into account. The heir-at-law, however, need not account for any land received by descent or otherwise.

² Or by certain other means mentioned in sec. 1 of the Act of Will. IV.

Thus, supposing John Smith died in possession of land which had been devised to him by the will of his uncle, or which he had bought: the heir to be sought is John Smith's heir. But if the land had descended to John from his father, William Smith, who originally bought it, then on the death of John the heir to be sought is the heir of William, who might or might not be the same person as the heir of John.

Some other rules may just be mentioned. Males are always preferred to females; and when there are two or more males in equal degree of relationship, only the eldest inherits; but in the case of females in equal degree, they all take together, and are called co-parceners, or co-heiresses. Lineal descendants stand in the place of a dead ancestor. On failure of lineal descendants, lineal ancestors come in. A kinsman of the half blood takes next after a kinsman of the same degree of the whole blood. On failure of the heirs of "the purchaser," the heir of the person last entitled is sought. On total failure of all heirs, the land will escheat to the lord of whom it was held, and in the last resort to the Crown.

3.

DONATIONES MORTIS CAUSÆ.

A third way in which property may pass on the death of an owner is by *donatio mortis causæ*.

In order that such a gift may be effectual, three things must combine. First, the gift must be made in contemplation, though not necessarily in expectation of death; secondly, there must be delivery to the donee of the subject-matter of the gift; and thirdly, the gift must be made under circumstances showing that it is to take effect only if the death of the donor follows.

If it appear that the donor intended to make an immediate or irrevocable gift, it will not be a *donatio mortis causæ*. Thus, in *Tate v. Leithhead*,¹ a man in his last illness, a few days before his death, made a codicil to his will, giving certain benefits to his son-in-law J., and appointing L. his executor; on the same day the testator drew a cheque on a plain sheet of paper for £900, payable to L., to whom he owed £200, and wrote on the same sheet, "J. £200; L. £200; executorship fund, £500." The cheque was presented and paid before the testator's death. It was held that this was not a *donatio mortis causæ*, but a complete trust of £200 in J.'s favour, and that it was not

¹ Kay, 658.

necessary that he should have any notice of it previously to the testator's death. Vice-Chancellor Sir William Page Wood said, "No doubt the fact of the donor being on his death-bed, and treating part of the money as an executorship fund, are circumstances in favour of this argument (viz., for a *donatio mortis causâ*), but then he was indebted to L. in the sum of £200, which he devoted part of the money to pay; and a *donatio mortis causâ* can only be established by a necessary implication, or an expressed intention, that the gift should not take effect except in the event of the death of the donor. In this case, if he had recovered, he could not have revoked the gift of £200 to L., for I must assume that the donor intended to pay the debt which he owned to L. immediately, and not to make it dependent on his death; and, if so, I do not see how the circumstance of his treating part of the money as an executorship fund, could compel me to infer that he intended the gift to J. to be a *donatio mortis causâ*, any more than the payment to L. himself."

There must be a delivery either to the donee himself or to some one for him, and the donor must not retain any dominion over the thing given. Thus,¹ a person supposing himself to be *in extremis*, caused Indian bonds, bank-notes, and guineas to be brought out of an iron chest and laid on his bed; he then had them sealed up in three parcels, and the amount of the contents written on them, with the words, "For Mrs. and Miss C." He then told his brother to replace the parcels in the iron chest, to seal up the keys, and to direct them to be delivered to his solicitor and one of his executors, after his decease. The sick man then had the keys replaced in his own custody near his bed. On these facts the transaction was held to be bad as a *donatio mortis causâ*, not only for want of sufficient delivery, but also because the donor continued in possession.

In the recent case of *Cain v. Moon*,² it was decided by a Divisional Court that the rule that delivery is essential in order to constitute a valid *donatio mortis causâ*, is satisfied by an antecedent delivery of the chattel to the donee *alio intuitu*. The facts were as follows. A sum of £50 had been deposited at a bank by the deceased in 1890, and a deposit-note given to her for the amount. In the early part of 1893 the deceased had an

¹ *Bunn v. Markham*, 7 Taunt. 224. See White and Tudor's L.C. vol. 1, p. 1085.

² L.R. [1896], 2 Q.B. 283.

illness, during which her mother, the defendant in the action, had treated her with great kindness. After the illness, the deceased handed the deposit-note to her mother, saying that she was never to part with it, that it was for her past kindness during the illness, and that, if she were ill again, she might have to come and live with her mother. There was also evidence that she said to her mother that it was for her when she (the deceased) died. Thenceforth the deposit-note remained in the possession of the mother, with the full knowledge of the deceased, who frequently spoke about it and asked if it was safe. In her last illness, in 1895, the deceased told her mother she could not live, and added, "Everything I possess and the bank-note is for you if I die." She died five days after. Her husband took out administration to his deceased wife, and now sued the mother for the deposit-note. The defence was that there was either a good gift *inter vivos*, or else an effectual *donatio mortis causa*.

The Court came to the conclusion that the deceased had not on the first occasion parted with the note by way of gift; but in 1895, during the last illness, there certainly was a gift in contemplation of death, intended to take effect only if the donor died. The only remaining point, then, was as to the delivery; and on this Lord Russell of Killowen, C.J., said, "I concede that there must be a delivery to the person to be benefited, of the subject of the *donatio mortis causa*; but, in my judgment, there is no reason why an antecedent delivery should not be effective." And Mr. Justice Wills said, "I think that the antecedent delivery of the note to the defendant, to hold it in a different capacity, the capacity in which she held it being changed by what took place subsequently when the *donatio mortis causa* was effected, was a sufficient delivery to satisfy the rule requiring delivery in gifts of chattels."

In the case of a deposit-note, the donee cannot sue in his own name, because it is not what is called a negotiable instrument; but the rule that the court will not assist to perfect an imperfect gift, does not apply to a *donatio mortis causa*, and the executors of the deceased will be compelled to perfect the transfer.¹

The evidence to support this kind of gift must be clear, and more than is required to turn the scales in favour of one of two

¹ See *Duffield v. Elwes*, 1 Bli. (N.S.) 497.

equally probable conclusions. The matter must at least be reasonably free from doubt.¹

A *donatio mortis causâ* is in many respects like a legacy. Thus it is incomplete during the life of the giver, and may at any time be revoked by him; it is liable to his debts on a deficiency of assets; and it is subject to legacy duty.

With regard to cheques as subjects of *donationes mortis causâ*, if the cheque be drawn by the sick man it cannot be a good gift, because the death of the drawer operates as a revocation of the banker's authority to pay. It would be otherwise, however, if the cheque had been paid or negotiated during the lifetime of the donor.² And a cheque drawn by another person which has become the property of the sick man will certainly pass by a gift of this kind.³

WILLIAM C. MAUDE,

¹ M'Gonnell v. Murray, 3 I.R. Eq. 465.

² See Rolls v. Pearce, L.R. 5 Ch. D. 730.

³ Clement v. Cheeseman, L.R. 27 Ch. D. 631.

A Modern Achates.

CHAPTER LI.

He spoke of fair and sunny lands that lie
Beyond the earth on which our fathers dwell.
Bright must they be, for there are none that die
And none that weep, and none that say farewell.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

IT was the day after Dr. Harley's fatal verdict had fallen like a crushing blow on Liliás, destroying every slight hope, annulling the last prospect that rest or change might still effect a cure. They had knelt that morning before the altar, for almost the last time perhaps together. The effort had been exhausting, and Edmund had scarcely left the sofa since. But there was a tranquillity about him that sustained Liliás's courage, and she sat holding his hand in hers, looking lovingly on the fair features which were so changed, yet always beautiful. Dr. Harley had been there again that afternoon. He had spoken of the gentleman who was coming forward for the county, Mr. Desborough, and commented on a speech made by him recently at Littleton. Edmund had been interested at the time; but afterwards his thoughts had wandered to the past, to Glettherton, when he had first met Liliás, and the speech which he had then made to his constituents. How much joy and sorrow also had been compressed into those few years. His eyes sought his wife's with pathetic tenderness, resting lovingly and yearningly upon her. Ah, that face, that beautiful face! how changed it is as it now bends above him. Then cold and haughty even in its loveliness, and now so true and tender in its love. But Reginald, who was then his friend, was changed also: his affection lost. The pain grew deeper on his brow as he remembered: his words came very slowly: "Liliás, I should die happier if *he* would come to me." He did not need to speak the name: alas! she understood too well.

"Oh, Edmund, hush," she cried, and a silence fell upon them; but presently she spoke again. "Shall I send for him—

to-night? Oh, Edmund, are you worse? what is it?" and the dread expressed in every word aroused him from his own reflections.

"No, darling," he said, gently, "but I can wait no longer. We have been parted too long, and I would make my peace with him." He paused an instant, and resumed slowly: "They say that he was called away, but did he leave no message—not a word?"

"I did not receive any," and her brow contracted: a hard look came into her eyes. "Oh, Edmund, my husband, I cannot bear to grieve you; but if he wished to meet you, would he not have come in time?"

Edmund did not answer. He took her hand in his, but his thoughts were elsewhere. He was looking at the distant landscape, on to the far blue hills, now tinged with the last glory of the sunset, and a shade as from those heights rested upon his brow, from which the sadness had departed.

Lilias watched him for a while; then she bent over him. "Edmund, you are thinking? What is it?"

"Of myself," he answered, quietly. "Lily, my wife, my darling, my life to-night seems fading like that sunset."

Lilias did not answer: perhaps she could not; but her head bowed and her frame shook with sudden anguish; and all the while he strayed on, half unconsciously, it seemed, speaking his thoughts aloud.

"I cannot breathe here," he said, gently, "and there is light and peace and space beyond those hills. You have made my life a happy one, my darling; but the happiness beyond is greater still. There are no broken joys there, no dread or pang of parting, only love, peace, eternity. You must not weep, for you will come to join me. It will not be so very long."

She bent and kissed the hand she held, but though she strove to speak, words would not come; and presently he repeated his request, more earnestly, and appalled by the weakness and weariness of his voice, she turned sorrowfully to obey. Hers was a strange position, and the thought flashed through her mind how strange it was. This man had been her brother's friend, not hers, and she had wilfully misjudged him; had held aloof from him; had wished to part him from the Earl. Now he lay there, her best beloved, her very own, bound to her by the most sacred ties: and it was she who had to mediate between him and his friend, linking the broken friendship that

they might once more be together. The thought flashed through her mind, but did not linger there. She was too sad to pause or ponder. Had she done so she must have broken down.

"You must tell them the whole truth, if you can do so, my poor child—say at least enough to make him come to me."

But Liliás wrote on without speaking, and presently gave the letter, still silently, to Edmund. The truth, but not the whole truth—she was not brave enough to write that—to put the dread thought into words. He saw that and smiled sadly: but he let it go.

The Abbey party were assembled round the breakfast-table—a late, cosy, somewhat dawdling meal. The letters were always opened then; the newspapers discussed, and plans made for the day. Reginald scanned rapidly his own share of the post, then passed a delicately-scented note to Mrs. Fitzgerald (that scent of early violets would long haunt him), with the brief comment, "From Liliás."

But though he opened his own letters, he did so slowly and mechanically, and his eyes were on his mother's face. Since the parting with Frederick a few days before, he had learned to look on things rather differently. The sophistries which had so long blinded him were now laid bare, and he saw in his own obstinacy and indiscretion the true cause of the estrangement. He could not understand why Edmund had not written, but he knew that he should have written himself. Now, *shame*, not pride, held him aloof. If Liliás had but said a word! When her letter came, he looked up anxiously, and saw with alarm that his mother's face had changed, as with some sudden emotion, surprise, or fear.

He sprang up hastily and went to her. "What is it, mother? For God's sake, give it to me."

She held the letter back an instant to prepare him; but when he took it, his eyes were dimmed, and he could not read. Cora, standing near him, read softly, in a faltering tone, not all of it, but enough. The summons had come at last: but it brought no comfort. For some moments no one spoke. Cora was crying quietly. Reginald seemed stunned. Presently he spoke, huskily: "I must go, mother. Will you come with me?"

"My dear boy! it would *kill* me—such a distance—and in such haste. It is cruel of Liliás to write so excitedly. She

knows how weak my nerves are," and she querulously took up her scent-bottle, and gave signs of becoming hysterical.

For once Reginald did not try to comfort her. "Well, I shall go at once," he said, and turned hurriedly to leave the room, but even as he went, and many times throughout the day, he repeated questioningly to himself: "'Another effort at conciliation.' What can she mean when they have made none?" and still the truth never flashed upon him.

In a few minutes he returned, ready to start. "You will not come, mother? Good-bye, then. You shall hear from me to-morrow."

"Don't telegraph—it frightens me—and I am wretchedly upset. You'll find it all right, Reggie, I've no doubt. Lily is only just a little nervous."

"I hope it may be so," said the Earl, huskily; his tone choked with his emotion. Cora, who had read the letter again, looked up with swift sympathy. "He must not die. Oh, I hope he will not die," she breathed.

Reginald laid his hand upon his cousin's shoulder, looking down into her eyes. He read no comfort there, only an echo of his own fears. The butler announced the carriage. Reginald manned himself and bent and kissed his mother, the more gently, it may well be, that his heart rebelled against her selfishness. "Take care of my mother, Cora, and of yourself." In another instant he was gone.

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The afternoon wore slowly on. The sun, still high in the heavens, shone down cheerily into the little morning-room, where Edmund lay upon the sofa, waiting. His glance wandered through the open window, to the green woods and open ground beyond, touched here and there with the first bright tints of autumn. Sometimes he seemed to listen, but nothing could be heard except the robin's song and the fitful whispering of the wind.

"Do you think that he will come soon, Lilius?"

"Dear Edmund, I am tired of hoping."

He took her hand with his caressing gentleness; a radiant smile upon his face. "You must hope even as I do, Lilius. I am sure that he will come—this time."

And Lilius did not *quite* know what he meant. Why now at least she must expect the brother, who had failed her more

than once before: why Reginald must perforce obey this summons, if he had obeyed no other—or the change in him was indeed past hope. She did not guess how much of fear had lain hidden in her few brief words—her strangely altered handwriting; and as the slow hours passed, she doubted still.

The afternoon passed slowly, tardily, as time does when we are waiting. The clock seemed paralyzed in its even ticking; the sun sunk lower, painting the calm sky with gold and pink and purple. The flowers outside seemed strangely vivid in the warm glow. The very steps of the cattle as they slowly passed before the window (when Lilius rose and stood there, watching), and moved, still grazing, in the direction of home—seemed slower than of wont. Edmund still waited in silence. Lilius waited also, less peacefully. And now at last the sound of wheels was heard outside—the quick, sharp ring of the hall-bell, and presently hasty steps upon the stair.

Lilius glanced at her husband, as she half drew up the blinds. He had partially raised himself upon his couch; the colour flushed into his cheek; the light kindled in his eyes; his lips parted with words of welcome; his hand was stretched in greeting. And then the servant announced: "Lord Gletherton."

CHAPTER LII.

Cassius. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand?

Brutus. And my heart too.—*Shakespeare.*

LILIUS rose hastily to meet her brother: her hands outstretched as were her husband's: her eyes almost pleading in their anxious wistfulness, deprecating, so it seemed, the lingering resentment, the coldness, or the pride that might even now be working in his passionate soul. She had never really known him; never trusted him as Edmund had, and it was not wonderful that she wronged him now during that strange pause, not of anger, but of sorrowful dismay, that kept him motionless upon the threshold. He on his side did not notice her: his first glance, as his first thought, had been given to another. His eyes, full of a strange yearning, were fastened upon the changed features of his friend. Then he came hastily to his side, meeting the tender smile—taking the extended hand.

"Edmund," he said, "I have been wrong, so wrong; forgive me."

Then Liliás knew that all was well, and passed out softly from the room. This meeting—bitter-sweet to one or both—must be unwitnessed. And yet it was a quiet meeting to outward seeming. Deep as the feeling was in either heart, Edmund was now too weak and weary, to welcome otherwise than with quiet thankfulness the boon for which he had so long hungered; whilst Reginald, shocked, remorseful, penitent, had recognized from the first the absolute need of self-control. His few words, hoarse, quivering with emotion, told all, and told it well. The answer came more briefly still—a word, a pressure of the hand, a smile—to many it had seemed but little; yet each heart knew the recent wrong made right; the older friendship given back.

And Liliás, when she at length rejoined them, had only gentle words to give the prodigal whose long estrangement she had blamed so bitterly, for whose return she had so passionately prayed. The past, though not forgotten, was condoned by her, in the mere sight of her husband's thankfulness, of Reginald's genuine repentance. She knew, too well for her own peace, how late, how tardy that repentance was, how little time there lay before him to make up for the injury done—those long months which he had lost so recklessly—the suffering which his wayward folly had brought his best, his truest friend—the bitter knowledge that was still to come to him—the punishment that was yet in store. A pity greater than her previous blame, surged suddenly in his sister's soul, and swept away for ever the harsh judgments of the past. He had sinned, but he must suffer for his sin, how much perhaps she hardly knew.

It was not strange that, the first moments over, the conversation flagged a little. Their hearts were all too full for speech. Light words would have seemed unfitting; sad ones—there was grief enough to come. Yet after all words were not wanted. The very fact of being again together—after so long—was, in itself, a joy unspeakable. So Reginald found it, so presently did Liliás. Edmund, weary even with this slight effort, or perhaps more truly with the emotions of the meeting, leaned back upon his pillows, saying little, but resting thankfully in the supreme contentment of his friend's presence. Liliás, satisfied to see him happy, spoke softly to her brother—brief, unconnected phrases—of his journey thither; of her mother; of the Abbey; anything rather than of the present or the future. She wished to lead his thoughts to other things; to

lighten not deepen that new shadow upon his brow ; to make him forget, perhaps to forget herself, the sorrow that pressed so closely on their hearts ; the past in which so much was best forgotten. But through it all, in spite of all, Reginald's thoughts were fixed upon his friend ; reading what she would fain have hidden from him. The thought of what had been, and what *might* have been, was almost more than he could bear. And when, much later, the little child came down, and Liliás placed him in her brother's arms, the big, dark eyes, which were so like his father's, the smile, which was so like his father's smile, nay, even the bright unconsciousness, the merry laugh, the childish prattle, had each to Reginald a pathos of its own. He drew the boy to him and kissed him silently ; the greeting hushed upon his lips ; the tears springing unbidden to his eyes. It was so unlike happy, careless Reginald, that Liliás felt her heart go out to him as never yet.

"Liliás, do you *think*—he can get better—can get *well*?"

They were alone together the next morning in the breakfast-room, and Liliás, brighter than she had been the previous evening, had brought him word that Edmund had slept better, looked more himself ; the joy of seeing *him* had done him good."

The words gave Reginald courage to speak, to ask what he had not dared to ask before. But she only sighed and looked away from him. Could he not see himself that there was no hope?

"Never in this world, Reggie," she said at last, her voice low, her words a little choked, but still a calm, a peacefulness about her, that Reginald at that moment could neither feel nor understand. The shock had been to him so recent ; the thought of death had come to him so suddenly ; it seemed at first as if he could not realize it—and yet he *knew* that it was true. He stood silent by the window, staring out on to the quiet garden, seeing nothing. "A little time," his heart cried out, "a little time, just to *atone*."

He did not even hear his sister's voice, until twice, thrice even, she had called him to the table ; and then when he at last turned to join her, there was something in his half-averted face, which caused her long-checked tears to fall like rain, but only for an instant. Soothed by his tenderness, braced by her long habit of self-control, she set herself soon to resume the part of comforter ; and, as they proceeded with their poor pretence at

breakfast, spoke bravely of Edmund's pleasure in his coming ; of the good which it had done him ; and her own joy at seeing them together. She spoke of Cora also—only a little, a few kindly sympathetic words, but it was sad to talk of happy things—of his bright future, and remember what was hanging over hers ; and she broke off in pity to him and to herself. After all it was of Edmund they were both thinking, it was best that they should speak only of him.

"Surely, Lillas, this has been very sudden," said Reginald, presently, as they rose from table ; "I knew that he was ill, they told me so, but I never dreamed, believed, that he was like this."

"No, Reggie, it has not been sudden," she said, sadly. "Months since, a year even, we had cause to fear, and yet, he worked so hard, he strove so bravely, we could not think that he was really ill. Hope blinded me, for I hoped always, and he—he only sought to spare me sorrow. Indeed," her voice broke, "until that day at Oxminster, I did not realize the utter hopelessness. Oh, Reggie, how cruel of you to go away."

She had not meant to say it. The words slipped from her, forced from her lips by the sudden pain which the thought of Edmund's bitter disappointment brought to her. That it was pain to Reginald also she saw plainly, for the red flushed to his cheek, and he half put out his hand, as if to stay the words which stabbed him. But before she could speak again, he spoke himself, his tone, it seemed to her, a little pleading.

"Lillas, I know that you have cause enough to blame me, and yet, and yet, I have this excuse to offer. I came to Oxminster on purpose to see Edmund, to see him, to see you also—to bring about an explanation, if I could."

"And yet you went away," said Lillas, "without a word, without a message even."

At these words, spoken almost hardly in their pain, Reginald started, and for a moment did not speak, then—"Lillas," he said, "you do not mean to say—but yes, he deceived me there as in all else. I have been a fool," he added, vehemently. "I have been swayed, imposed on, by—nay, I need not say his name—you know it too well, and I would that it never passed my lips again. Lillas," he said, more gently, as she came to him, and laid her hand upon his arm. "I cannot tell you what I felt that day, meeting his eyes and feeling what he thought of me. I came late—I was purposely delayed, but I resolved that come

what might, I would speak to him before he left; and then, when that happened," he faltered, as he saw her shrink and shiver at the remembrance, "when I spoke to him, and he could not answer me—when they made me go from him—for his sake, they said—not for mine.—Lilias, what I saw yesterday, did not, could not, make me more miserable: and yet, I was obliged to leave him," and he told her of Lady Vivian's message, and how it had come to him.

Edmund was looking better, and professed to be so, when Lord Gletherton went to him. The comfort of Reginald's presence had brought with it one of those gleams that are so usual in decline, but which are as brief as they are delusive. Lilias left them together, and they talked long and earnestly. Reginald had so much to tell, now that his friend was better able to listen to him: that his own heart had had more time to look its sorrow with more calmness in the face. Moreover, the favourable change in Edmund was reflected in himself.

He began by speaking of Frederick's conduct, with a bitterness far greater than Edmund would have countenanced, could Reginald have been induced to listen to his remonstrances, and the thought that it had been rather the malice of his rival, than the estrangement of his friend, which had deferred their meeting, was comfort inexpressible. Reginald would not so soon admit the excuse. The warm-hearted Fitzgerald nature could not do things by halves; and just now his repentance was exemplified in a hot impetuosity of self-condemnation, which would not admit of the least palliation of his wrong-doing. Presently, however, questioned by Edmund, he spoke of Cora, her engagement, her majority, of Lady Julia also, and then back again to the old theme.

"Edmund, why did you not write to me, before putting things into Chancery?" said he, suddenly. "It was that which vexed me most—which drove me mad, and even now, I cannot understand it. Did you not know a line from you would have made things straight? I know, of course, it was my place to write, but, patient as you had ever been, I could not help hoping that you would."

"Write, Reginald?" and Edmund half rose from his couch. "I *did* write, two days after we parted; I wrote all that I could—in conscience. I *could* not retract about Herbert."

"I received no letter," said Reginald, and his tone was very low.

"Did you not? Then, Reginald, there has been——" he stopped, and a momentary struggle crossed his face : then he raised himself slowly from his couch, and walked, alas, how feebly, to his desk. "See, Reginald," he said, slowly, "this is my letter. Like one from Liliás, it came back to me—unopened."

Lord Gletherton's face was white as he clutched the letter in a faltering, uncertain grasp. His own writing—*was* it? No, so like, and yet not his : he knew it well. He did not open it at once. Tenderly, reverently, but with drawn brows and quivering lips, he led his brother-in-law back to his couch, and settled him upon his pillows ; then, he sat down beside him, and with eyes dimmed with tears, read the true, generous, kindly words. When he had finished, he was still silent : he bent his head upon his hands, and sat thus, his face hidden, a look of mingled pain and passion upon it, which those who loved him had not cared to see. He knew too well whose hand had parted them, and the knowledge came to him almost like a blow. He remembered a solitary ride of Frederick's *just at that time* : his moody silence before and afterwards : the paltry, plausible, excuse of "business," with which the rallying questions had been met, and he knew that *he* had done the deed. It was Edmund's hand laid gently on his shoulder which roused him from his gloomy meditations : it was his presence that hushed the storm within him. But his voice was choked as he turned to meet the kind frank eyes.

"And so for a wretched mistake, I have embittered your life, and deprived myself of your friendship. How often have I said that the merest line from you would have vanquished my pride ; my pride which I would not vanquish myself. We are friends *now*, Edmund?"

"For ever."

That evening, when Liliás was alone with him, Edmund looked up, suddenly. "Lily," he said, "you ought to know that Reginald never received either of our letters."

Liliás started to her feet, and stood with clasped hands before him. "Never received them?"

"No, darling," he said, slowly, "I do not know why, but he never received them?"

"Then I do know," she said, and her face was very pale ; "the same man who did all the rest—who has worked all the ill amongst us—has done this also, *Mr. Manley*!"

"Liliás," he said, "judge not, lest you be judged," and again,

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall find mercy. Oh, child, have we not also much to be forgiven?"

Lilias bent her head. "Oh, my husband! my life! Would that they had been merciful to you." And the proud, passionate heart melted into tears, of which part was anger, but more sorrow.

CHAPTER LIII.

The sands are numbered that make up my life.—*Gray.*

AFTER this the long days passed on slowly without much variation. There was no concealing the truth now: Edmund was slowly sinking. Even the strange gleams of hopefulness so common in decline grew few and far between, and brought no deception with them, to himself or Lilias. His one care now was to settle his affairs, and be ready for the summons.

"You must take care of my poor Lilias, Reginald," he said, one day, and Reginald answered warmly—earnestly, but with pain and trouble in his voice, at the thought of all those words implied.

Edmund went on quietly and gravely. "Lilias will live here and manage the estates; the Grange was never let, and I do not like to think of its being so now. Still, it will be lonely for her, poor child, and she will be in need of counsel and advice. I have named her guardian and executrix, but she shrinks a little from the charge, alone. Reginald, if you would share the responsibility with my poor Lilias, it would be a comfort to me."

"Can you trust me?" ("After what has passed," was on his lips, but he suppressed it). His tones were very low.

"Yes, Reginald, I can." Then, after a pause, "I have not been idle. I have asked about some things: I have heard others unasked; and I have been told that you are settling down more and more to the duties of your position. I feel confident that you will continue to do so. Still, I must not persuade you into what you think would be too arduous or irksome: you must see both sides."

"I will do anything for *you*, Edmund."

"Yes, but you must understand first, Reginald, and not let kindness or affection bias you, beyond a certain point. There are difficulties; it will be a long minority—longer perhaps than you are prepared for—eighteen years nearly, before he is a free

man, and can act for himself. Then there are other things," he added presently. "It is a large estate, though it has been heavily mortgaged. I have tried to clear it since I came here. It is nearly free now. The coming years should bring a large accumulation. The house must be kept up, with a suitable establishment; but after this, there should be still a large sum to put by yearly. It will be your task, Reginald, if you accept the charge, to counsel Lilius how to manage and dispose of it—until Myrvin is of age."

"It might almost buy back Everton," said Reginald, as the thought flashed suddenly upon him, and he spoke it aloud. He was startled at the vivid flush on Edmund's cheek, the sudden gladness in his eyes. He had not known the yearning fondness of Edmund for his beautiful old home: the deep and passionate regret with which he had cast it from him.

There was a little silence; then Edmund said, softly: "Yes, I had not thought of that. Mr. Norreys has no heirs: it might be possible to buy it back again." He lay back upon his pillows, his eyes closed; a smile upon his lips; a sudden gladness that was very touching. Presently he spoke again. "It must be as Myrvin wishes, Reginald—as Myrvin and Lilius wish; but I would have it added to my will—as a suggestion only. Do you think that Mr. Bertram could come to me?" he added, anxiously. "It must be very soon."

"I am sure that he can come to you."

Edmund was silent for a moment, then he looked up with a smile. "I thought the world's concerns were nothing to me now; yet this thought has moved me more than you believe." He paused again, exhausted, but presently he spoke again. "Then you will undertake this charge, Reginald? You must remember you have Herbert also."

"I will undertake it, willingly, *gratefully*," and his friend understood why he would do so. Presently Reginald continued: "Herbert will soon be off my hands now."

"In one sense he will. You will cease to be his guardian and you will have no direct power over him. But you can always counsel and befriend him—do not neglect to do so. *Be patient with him.*"

"I will do my best for him, Edmund, I will indeed. I have done him harm enough, God knows."

"I do not ask you to be to him, as I have been to you, Gletherton," said Edmund, gently. "Perhaps I have sometimes

gone too far ; but I *do* ask you to have the same interest in his welfare : the same affection for him."

"I will try, Edmund : may he prove more grateful than I have been. I do not deserve it."

Edmund did not immediately reply. When he did so, his tones were faint and suffering : "I fear these last two years have been hurtful to him. He has learnt to be impatient of control : partial to worldly friends. Having seen, like me, the falseness of such friendship, you will be more fit to counsel him ; and when you have married Cora, she will be another link between you. You must not defer your marriage on my account," he added, presently.

"How can I think of it when you are——" *dying* was what he meant to say, but the words would not come.

Edmund understood him and went on, slowly : he was getting very tired. "Reginald" he said, "you have waited very long. It is very hard upon you both. I shall not think it wrong of you, nor will Liliás, either ; rather I would rejoice for and with you. Bring her to me as your wife, Reginald ; my cousin, my sister also. I have always had an interest in her—how much more now for your sake."

Reginald was startled, almost shocked at the idea. It seemed impossible to think of marriage, here in the very death-chamber of his friend ; and yet, Edmund spoke so earnestly : there was such a solemn tenderness about him ; surely he must mean what he said ; and if so, how could he refuse him."

Then Edmund spoke again. "Perhaps my wish may sound unreasonable," he said, quietly, "and yet for all our sakes it might be better. It will be a mournful marriage for her, poor child, and yet—it might seem harder to defer it. And for you, Reginald, you must wish it in your heart ; and Liliás will be glad to have her with her. So you see it is a selfish plan of mine," he added, smiling a little sadly ; "thinking of my own as well as you."

Reginald made no answer, just at first : and a brief pause ensued. Then he spoke : "It shall be all exactly as you wish, Edmund," but his voice faltered, painfully.

"As Cora wishes," replied Edmund. "You must write and ask her."

Then there was another silence, and presently Reginald wrote to Mr. Bertram summoning him to Edmund ; but to Cora, he felt he could not write, and left it finally to Liliás.

CHAPTER LIV.

The Angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine
Whispered a word that had a sound like death.
Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shade upon those features fair and thin,
And softly from the hushed and darken'd room
Two angels issued where but one went in.—*Longfellow.*

CORA was woefully perplexed and startled when she read Liliás's kind and tender letter, asking her to become her *sister* a little sooner—a little more hurriedly than she had expected. There was not much need of explanation: Reginald's previous letters had prepared them for the worst, and Mrs. Fitzgerald, whilst presiding over the *trousseau*, had had many a sad misgiving that it would not be wanted—yet. But after all, if it would comfort Edmund, would be the same to Cora, it would be so much less trouble, to be married quietly now, when all arrangements must be brief and simple, than to wait for the stir and pomp which befitted the marriage of the Earl of Gletherton at any ordinary time.

Mrs. Fitzgerald, so long an invalid in imagination, was fast becoming one in reality, and not only shrank from having the wedding entertainment left entirely on her hands, but was eager to see Reginald settled happily, and to have Cora as a daughter and companion. "So if you don't mind the suddenness, my dear, and the lawyers can settle matters, I really think it would be better," she said at last.

And Cora assented without difficulty. "They must not think of her," she said. "She would do exactly what they wished, and she should like to see Edmund and poor dear Liliás; but, oh! it was so sad—so sad." She cried bitterly, and Mrs. Fitzgerald cried also, and then finally it was arranged between them that Reginald should have his way.

The lawyers were not quite so swift in their arrangements as Reginald or even Liliás could have wished; but Edmund and Reginald being guardians and trustees, made the matter somewhat easier, and Cora's fortune, though an ample one, was hers entirely when she came of age, and had already been surrendered to her. The time even now seemed very long. Each day seemed to find Edmund weaker; each hour seemed to increase his friend's unwillingness to leave him; and it was

not until the day before the wedding that Reginald at last returned to Gletherton.

It was a very quiet wedding : no stir and no rejoicing. Cora was married from Lady Julia's cottage, with Eveleen for sole bridesmaid, while Reginald could hardly wait for the service to conclude, or to bid adieu to his mother and Aunt Julia, so great was his anxiety to return to Edmund. But it was a great comfort to have Cora with him, and a certain joy in at last possessing her, already mingled with the sorrow of the great loss which was hanging over him.

And when they reached the Grange, Lilies met them sweetly and tenderly, and led them to her husband. He was hardly equal to receiving them : the last few hours, and a change in the weather, had told upon him, and he could hardly bear to hear a sound ; but he was waiting for them, the light of unselfish pleasure on his face. "Dear Cora, dear Reginald," he said ; and taking the young bride's hand, he drew her to him and kissed her brother-like, whilst her tears fell down like rain.

"O Edmund ! this is dreadful ! I am grieved—grieved," she murmured, then paused, for words refused to come. Prepared as she was to see him suffering, she had never realized a change like this.

There was a moment's pause before he answered, but his voice was unchanged, his smile reassuring. "It is a sad welcome for you, my child," he said, kindly ; "to-day, especially, when all should be so bright. But you must not weep for me—but comfort Reginald," and indeed Reginald seemed in need of comfort, marking the havoc which two short days had wrought.

That night the first great change came, and for many a long, weary hour exhaustion and excessive pain seemed foreshadowing the end. Dr. Harley, sent for hurriedly, looked grave and very pained, and paused before he answered the wife's question, the hopeless yearning in her eyes.

"Dr. Harley," she entreated, "you will tell me the whole truth : *What is this ?*"

He turned then and met her gaze, a world of pity in his face. She understood. She was a brave woman ; but this blow was very hard to bear. She had borne so much already. Leaning her head upon the pillow, her tears streamed down upon the hand she held. Edmund felt them raining, not passionately as often, but despairingly, and he tried to speak and comfort her ; but a low, convulsive cough shook his frame, and he lay back

upon the pillows and struggled for breath. Reginald hastened to support him, and after some moments he seemed restored. But still they stood around with hushed breath, dreading what was still to come—what seemed so close at hand.

But not yet; the morning dawned and the day passed on, and another night and day succeeded. Catherine Charlton had been sent for, and just before she came, Edmund asked to see his child.

Lilias rose softly and went to the nursery, where Cora was sitting sad and silent, with Myrvin playing by her side. Manly and sensible beyond his years, as an only child sometimes is, the sight of his mother's careworn face spoke more to him than it would have done to others. He dropped his toys at once, and ran to meet her.

"Come with me to your father, dear," said the poor mother, as she bent tenderly to kiss him; and the love in the little child-face seemed to bring a ray of comfort to her heart. Myrvin took her hand and went, gladly but silently. Child as he was, he had learned to be silent in the passages. "His father must not be disturbed," they said.

Mr. Charlton raised himself a little as they entered, and Lilias lifted the child upon the bed beside him, almost into his father's arms. And Edmund held him there with mournful tenderness, laying his hand upon the rich dark hair and murmuring a blessing as he did so. Lilias stood by, sick at heart and sorrowful for herself and for her child, not for him: *his* peace was undisturbed. No word, no glance of his escaped her; she treasured each within her heart, and not for herself only. She must tell the boy of that last blessing some day: now she could only stand and listen, choking back her tears.

Edmund's voice was low and feeble. Every minute seemed to make the effort more painful; but his words came with yearning tenderness, few indeed, but not to be forgotten.

The child's innocent question—"Why must you go, father? *Don't* go; we want you so"—brought the tears into his eyes, and his voice, so firm till then, began to falter, as he replied: "Because, Myrvin, the good God is calling me, and I must go to Him." And then Lilias bore the child away.

The night was very still, so still that the least sound fell startlingly upon the ear: the faint ticking of the clock outside the door, the pattering of the rain against the window-pane, seemed loud in the intense silence. But these things were not

heard by Lillas, as she sat beside the death-bed, where she and Reginald had watched already for two long nights, and she and Reginald and Cora also through all that day. Now for a little while she sat alone—her lips moving in prayer, her eyes bent upon her husband's face as he lay there in a brief, restless sleep. The subdued light of the shaded lamp lit up his transparent features, from which the hectic glow had disappeared. His face was calm, untroubled as a child's by pain or sorrow: yet a sickening dread of what must happen came presently to the young wife's heart, and she felt fearful of being alone, a foreshadowing of the great heart-loneliness which must be hers so soon.

Then Reginald came in again to watch with her, and later Catherine, their faces sad and anxious as her own.

Towards midnight Edmund roused himself, and seemed conscious of their presence. He turned towards them, and lay with his hand clasped in Reginald's, whilst Lillas sat beside him, her head resting on the pillow, her hand smoothing the dark locks upon his brow. There was not a grey thread among them, and yet he was dying.

The watches of the night wore on. Dr. Harley came again, and Mr. Lawrence also. They had scarcely left him for the last two days: they could hardly bear to leave him now.

The last sacred rites had been administered: he had made his peace with all: not a shadow even of anger and resentment remained to trouble him: his dearest—all save Harriet—were beside him. It seemed impossible to wish for a more peaceful end, suffering and lingering as had been the tardy release. Those near him felt this while they pressed round lovingly in their tender service, forgetful of their weariness, though their hours of watching had been long.

Lillas still sat beside her husband, silent, a look of utter despair upon her face: a passive, dreary hopelessness most sad to see. Presently he moved a prayer-book which lay near him, without speaking, towards the priest. Mr. Lawrence knelt down, and recited the prayers for the dying. When he finished, there was a faint Amen from Edmund; a groan, almost a sob, from Reginald.

Dr. Harley laid his hand on Edmund's wrist, and held a cordial to his lips. "Almost nothing," he whispered; "he is sinking very fast."

There was indeed a look of death written unmistakably

upon the white brow, upon the sharpening features: a look which had not been there before. Reginald saw it, and glanced towards the priest.

Edmund opened his eyes, and they asked the same question. "Lilias," he said, gently, and as she raised her head in sudden terror, he looked with yearning tenderness upon the fair, sweet face, and strove to speak. A shadow of sharp pain was on his face. Lord Gletherton could not bear to see it: he turned away, covering his face, but Lilias, her husband's hands clasped in hers, held them as though she could not let him go. Cora stole in, and fell on her knees beside them.

Once again a long, sad, silent pause; and then, just when dawn was breaking, came those low, sweet, solemn tones of the dying, and they hushed their very breath to listen.

"God bless you, my Lilias—my best and dearest—we shall meet in Heaven. Catherine—*Reginald*."

"*Reginald!*" His last word was his friend's name.

Reginald, his face stern with emotion, bent and raised him as he again struggled for breath. A glance passed between them—the murmur of a silent prayer rose voiceless to Heaven.

Another moment, and the great Angel came: the shadow fell upon them, and Edmund bowed his head upon the breast of Reginald, and slept. But the sleep was strangely peaceful, and the waking was not of earth.

CONCLUSION.

IT was over: the grand, brave, unselfish life had drawn peacefully to its close; the long love and the long friendship were severed by death. It was with a stunned, dazed feeling that Reginald rose slowly from his knees, and laying the quiet face upon the pillows, that face so weary but a while since, but so peaceful now, pressed one long, silent kiss upon the forehead, and, turning away, buried his face in his hands.

Lilias still knelt there as in a trance. Her eyes had never moved from her husband's face; the sorrow in them was too deep for tears; but the restless, hopeless look had passed away; her brow was calm for all its sadness, as though the reflection of his lasting peace had fallen also upon her. He had borne many sorrows in his short life: the gold had been tried fiercely, but it was over now. Surely, surely, as she looked upon that

peaceful face of his, he was already receiving the reward, exceeding great, measure full to overflowing, for the work which he had spent himself to do. Should she sorrow because it was so?—she whose every thought for these long years had been to make him happy? Her past was over for her now—her own life quenched and seared; but his was beginning: a new life, fraught with greater happiness, she told herself, than she with all her love could give him. They were parted, it was true; but not for long: a little space and they would meet again—and then for ever. The tears streamed now upon her clasped hands, upon that other hand still clasped in hers; a sob rose to her lips as she thought of that dreary waiting, of the long years possibly that she would still live on alone.

But he had left her work to do—to do for him; and even in that hour it brought her consolation.

It was but a little space she might remain there, ere Reginald, his face pale, his words broken, approached her gently and led her from the room; but she moved slowly, as one in a dream, through the silent corridors, neither looking nor speaking, until Cora met her, and with womanly instinct drew her into the nursery, and placed her child, still sleeping, in her arms. Then for the first time Lilius broke down utterly—straining him passionately to her bosom, whilst she prayed that she might rear her child to be as *he* was, so good, so noble, and so blameless towards God and towards his fellow-men.

And as years went by, that prayer was granted to her.

And Reginald also had a task left to him. He had not the consolation that Lilius had to sweeten it, and it would be harder and more difficult than hers. Nor had he, as yet at least, either her courage or her resignation. A passionate remorse for the past years' wrong was in his heart: a remembrance of time lost which might have borne such fruits; of words spoken, of deeds done, of which he could not think without keen regret—a grief sweetened perhaps, but hardly made less painful, by that full and loving pardon which had crowned his late repentance. Looking back into his past life, he realized what Edmund had striven to be to him. He saw how he had stood between him and temptation, in the gambling-halls of Monte Carlo; between him and *death* even, in his sick-room at Ste. Marie; between him and his false friends; between him and his own passions, at every crisis and in every peril, despite taunts and angry words, and dire ingratitude, true even to the end. He had

striven to make of him (as he had promised his father) the good, brave, honourable man that father would have wished to see him. By precept, by example, and by tender counsel, by grave rebuke when needful, he had endeavoured to do this : with this result, so Reginald now told himself, to see his counsels slighted, his friendship spurned, false friends preferred to him, his work undone. Had he, then, failed? Was the strong devotion of a life to have no issue? only a keen disappointment on the one hand and remorse on the other? Reginald vowed to himself that this, at least, should not be. What Edmund's gentle life had failed to compass, should be worked out to the full by the sorrowful memory of his death. To fulfil the last behest of one who had been through all so true to him ; to mould his own wilful nature as Edmund had so striven to mould it ; to tame the passions which had wrought such misery, those hereditary passions of which he was no longer proud ; to comfort Liliás in her sorrow ; to be to Herbert and to Cora what *he* had been to Liliás and to him—this was the duty which this sad moment had made his own : the duty which it must be his comfort to fulfil.

But it was not only Reginald and Liliás by whom Edmund would be mourned. His had been a noble life : of late a busy one ; it had influenced many. High and low, glad or sorry, alike had loved him, and now, when he had passed away from them, his memory would live after him. Not only in his own circle, but in the busy world around him, were many whom he had cheered or counselled, many whom he had aided or consoled, many may be whose onward path would be coloured, whose heart would be helped heavenward, perhaps unconsciously, by the latent influence which a fair and stainless life works ever in the world.

Meanwhile, they had laid him, as he had himself desired, in the pretty Charlton chapel at Everton, where his dearest had been laid before him, and where, so he had hoped, his son might one day rule in his stead.

It was fittest so. It had been the inheritance of his ancestors for generations. It had been the home of his youth ; and if in his manhood, in error or misfortune, he had willed it away from him, surely now, when they brought him back to rest beneath the shadow of its cedars, the old inheritance seemed in some sort his again—and the old wrong was at last rectified, and the past error was condoned.

Reviews.

I.—SIR KENELM DIGBY.¹

SIR KENELM DIGBY is one of those strange personages throughout whose life nothing seems ever to have happened according to ordinary rules. As adventures are to the adventurous, so is romance to the romantic, and this biography of one who played parts so many and various—as lover, diplomatist, privateer, controversialist, chemist, and astrologer—seems always and everywhere to be dealing with wonderland or dreamland, rather than with the prosaic world whereof others have to tell.

When only two years old, Kenelm lost his father, Sir Everard, who suffered as a traitor, for his share in the Gunpowder Plot, and as a necessary sequel, his paternal estates were forfeited to the Crown; though, not without difficulty, the considerable property of his mother was secured for the boy. Lady Digby, as an obstinate recusant, was not allowed the charge of her children's education, yet it appears certain that Kenelm was brought up a Catholic, and although, when about thirty, he professed Protestantism, and convinced Archbishop Laud that he had abandoned Popery for ever, he presently returned to the Church of Rome, and wrote vigorously and ably in its behalf. His religion does not appear, however, to have materially influenced his conduct, as he not only fought duels without scruple, but was much devoted to divination, and professed very loose principles of morality.

The first serious business of his life was to fall in love with Venetia Stanley, a lady of surpassing beauty, whose union with him was strongly opposed, both by her relations and his. Incidents of the most marvellous description likewise intervened. Venetia was kidnapped, and carried off into the country by a rival suitor, who shut her up under lock and key in his own

¹ *The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby.* By one of his Descendants, Author of *The Life of a Conspirator*, *A Life of Archbishop Laud*, *The Life of a Prig*, &c. With Illustrations. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1896.

mansion. Thence she managed to escape ; letting herself down from the window of her room by making a rope of the sheets from her bed, and from the garden-wall by a similar use of her garters. Fleeing across the fields, she was presently attacked by a wolf,¹ and had actually been wounded by its teeth, when a young sportsman appeared, who slew the brute, and had her conveyed safely to a stately house hard by, which opportunely proved to be the residence of a noble kinsman of the heroine. All this, however, did not much further the course of true love, for while the lady in question was strongly opposed to Venetia's marriage with Kenelm Digby, Sir Edward Sackville, the young gentleman who had rescued her, became Digby's most formidable rival.

Kenelm's own experiences were not less uncommon. Having been sent abroad, in hopes that travel might make him forget his mistress, he attracted the attention of no less a person than Marie de Medicis, the Queen Mother of France, and, having been artfully decoyed to a suitable place, had a forced interview with that violent and imperious lady, who, though old enough to be his grandmother, solicited him to take the place of the late Henri IV. An opportune defeat of her Majesty's troops served to gain him a respite, which he utilized to escape from the country in disguise.

These situations, it will be allowed, put to shame the devices of most novelists, and the elaborate euphuistic speeches interchanged by the actors in these curious scenes, if they are apt to be rather wearisome, furnish a not inappropriate setting for such dramatic incidents.

Not long afterwards, Digby went for two years to Italy, and there obtained a semi-diplomatic post at Madrid, in the suite of his kinsman, the Earl of Bristol. There he signalized himself by a feat of arms of the most marvellous description, for in a scuffle with fifteen armed men who beset him at night, he not only escaped uninjured, but slew their leader and another man.

On his return to England, he married Venetia, keeping the matter, however, a profound secret, and after a time, having

¹ The wolf must, we fear, be given up as mythical, although Sir Kenelm's biographer appears to insinuate a doubt in its favour. Mr. Harting, in his careful investigation of the subject (*Extinct British Animals*, p. 151), makes it evident that wolves had been extinct in England for a full century before the period in question, viz., since the reign of Henry VII., and although they still survived in the wilder parts of Scotland, the appearance of one in the vicinity of London is a manifest impossibility.

taken out letters of marque, started with a couple of ships on a voyage of adventure. At Algiers he concluded an important treaty with the Dey, which he himself describes in great detail, though unfortunately it is almost ignored by other writers. His account is, however, confirmed to some extent by the payments subsequently made to reimburse him for expenses incurred on the occasion.

Digby's greatest achievement was the battle of Scanderoon. Having learnt that in the harbour of that important emporium there were four French ships, he determined to seize them; but the Venetian admiral, also lying there with two vessels of war, much larger than his own, forbade him to do so under pain of being sent to the bottom. Sir Kenelm, taking no notice of the prohibition, held on his course, and the Venetians opened fire. Digby at first not only did not reply, but courteously saluted the admiral, firing "away from him." When, however, the other continued hostilities, "I fell upon his vessels with all my might." The battle lasted for three hours, a scarcely credible number of pieces of ordnance being discharged, so that in the town the glasses rattled in the English consul's pantry, the paper windows were all split, and the eggs of the carrier-pigeons bred there were cracked. Finally, the Venetians were vanquished, their ships being greatly damaged, forty-nine of their men killed, and a far larger number wounded, while the English meanwhile had not lost a single man killed or hurt.

Even more wonderful were Sir Kenelm's achievements with his famous "sympathetic powder," warranted to cure wounds at a distance. This was applied, not to the sufferer, but to the weapon which had injured him, or, failing this, to something which had touched him. Thus a certain Mr. Howell, having had his hand badly cut by a sword, Digby tells us how he cured him by washing, with the powder, a garter stained with his blood. When the garter was taken from the basin, and laid before the fire, Howell's wound (though he was not present) began to burn afresh; when it was washed once more, the wound again ceased to smart. This, as it well might, produced a great impression on James I. "His Majesty would needs know of me how it was done, having droll'd with me first (which he could do with a very good grace) about a magician and a sorcerer." But here again we encounter the sort of difficulty which appears to be inseparable from Sir Kenelm's exploits; for Howell, though a voluminous letter-writer, and frequent

correspondent of Digby's, never makes any allusion to this extraordinary cure.

These are a few samples of the quaint and curious matter with which the history of this strange man abounds. His descendant has evidently been at great pains to collect information concerning him from all possible sources, and only in one instance have we any serious fault to find with his conclusions. This regards the historical incident of the knighting of Sir Kenelm by James I. Upon that occasion, as Digby tells us,¹ the King, in the act of dubbing him, turned his face another way, "insomuch that, in lieu of touching my shoulder, he had almost thrust the point into my eyes, had not the Duke of Buckingham guided his hand aright." Upon this our biographer remarks that the King's clumsiness was probably owing to gout, as he is known to have had an attack about a month later. But gout in his hands would not make the King turn his eyes another way, and the anecdote is related by Digby expressly to illustrate James' horror of the sight of a naked weapon, which was attributed to the murder of Rizzio under his mother's eyes, shortly before his birth. It has been asserted that this trait of the King's character is a pure invention of Sir Walter Scott's, resting upon no authentic foundation; but this is absolutely disproved by Digby's evidence, and the knighting scene at the close of the *Fortunes of Nigel*, is none other than that described above, with the substitution of Richard Monoplies for Kenelm Digby, and of Sir Mungo Malagrowther for the Duke of Buckingham.

2.—THE CAPUCHIN MISSIONS ON THE VENEZUELAN FRONTIER.²

A very important contribution to the Venezuelan Boundary Question comes to us from an unexpected quarter. In the Capuchin archives at Rome are preserved a number of valuable documents dealing with the Catalan missions of that Order south of the Orinoco at the close of the last and at the beginning of the present century. These papers are very full in the information they give, are of unquestioned authenticity, and, what

¹ *Discourse of the Powder of Sympathy*, p. 187. Edit. 1669.

² *The Boundary Question between British Guayana and Venezuela.* By the Rev. Joseph Strickland, S.J., Litt. Doct. et Phil. Doct. Rome, 1896. London: George Philip and Sons.

is most valuable of all, are accompanied by maps which, though certainly not remarkable as specimens of cartography, are sufficient for the purpose they were intended to serve. It will not be necessary probably to remind our readers that in the delicate negotiation over which the British and United States' Governments have so nearly come into collision, a very great deal turns, or at least ought to turn, upon the exact limits of Spanish or Venezuelan occupation at the epoch when the British succeeded to the Dutch as rulers of Guiana. At that date the only approach which had been made on the Spanish side to exercise any sort of jurisdiction over Guianese territory, was made through the missions of the Capuchins. The Indian reductions established by these good Fathers constituted the sole external manifestation of Spanish influence throughout the whole of this vast territory. It becomes, then, of the highest importance to determine the exact limits of the region thus occupied, and the Rev. Joseph Strickland, S.J., has just published, from the archives of the Capuchins themselves, the most authentic materials for the final decision of this point. It is satisfactory to find that the conclusions to be drawn from these documents are in entire accordance with the statements of the British case which have been laid before the public in the various Blue-books on Venezuela which have appeared in the course of the present year. As the last of the well-executed reproductions of the original maps contained in Father Strickland's volume very strikingly shows, the Capuchins made no attempt to advance beyond the limits of the great central savannah of the Yuruari and Cumamo, a district which was admirably suited to their flocks and herds, but which was surrounded by forests and broken ground in almost every direction. Father Strickland has prefaced his documents with an admirable Introduction explaining their bearing upon the question; and with the exception of a few trifling errata inevitable in an English work printed abroad, the get-up of this volume reflects the greatest credit upon the establishment which has produced it. The English publishers are Messrs. George Philip and Sons.

3.—INSTITUTIONES THEOLOGICÆ.¹

With this treatise, *De Sacramentis* and *De Novissimis*, Father Tepe brings his great work on Dogmatic Theology to a close, though we are glad to see that he has yet in store for us another volume on the fundamentals of Moral Theology. Whatever has been said in praise of the former volumes may with equal truth be here reiterated. There is the same translucent clearness without diffusion; simplicity without platitude; depth without obscurity; fulness without congestion; width without indefiniteness, which characterizes the rest of the works, and marks it as a monument of that skill which can be acquired only by years of experience. It is before all things the work of a man who thinks and studies, and whose theology lives and grows in his mind; who is in comprehensive sympathy with contemporary thought, albeit faithful to the spirit of the ancients. If at times he is bold, yet we always feel confident that he is safe. His exegesis of texts, Scriptural or otherwise, will invariably be found satisfactory on a careful study of the context; and wherever there is any ambiguity which will not yield to criticism, his adversaries always receive the fullest benefit of the doubt. More particularly do we recommend to our readers the Appendix on Anglican Orders,² where the teaching of the recent Bull has been most exactly anticipated.

4.—PRINCIPLES OF ECCLESIASTICAL UNITY.³

The interest of these lectures is to some small extent discounted by the circumstance that their appearance had been anticipated by that of a reply by the Rev. H. Lucas, in the form of two lectures delivered in St. Winefride's Church, St. Asaph, which have already been briefly noticed in these pages. Apart from this, however, it is a little difficult to take Dr. Mason—or rather Dr. Mason's *Principles*—quite seriously. Personally he is no doubt very much in earnest, the end he has in view is the object of the prayers of us all, and the tone of the lectures is far

¹ *Institutiones Theologicae in usum Scholarum.* Auctore G. Bernardo Tepe, S.J. Parisiis: Lethielleux.

² P. 600.

³ *The Principles of Ecclesiastical Unity: Four Lectures delivered in St. Asaph Cathedral.* By Arthur James Mason, D.D., Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, and Canon of Canterbury. London: Longmans and Co.

removed from that of sectarian bitterness; and on all these accounts the lecturer deserves our sympathy. But his *Principles* are the principles of Dr. Mason, not those of the Anglican Church; and it may be doubted whether he carried with him more than a small percentage of his hearers, especially in those passages which at first sight might seem more hopeful than some of his other utterances. Moreover, even if we suppose that in the course of ten years a larger proportion of his fellow-Anglicans should come round to the lecturer's views, they would be views after all, not authoritative principles demanding adhesion as a matter of duty. It is too late for the Anglican Church, which owes its very existence to a breach of unity, to lay down principles whereby that unity may be restored. She cannot speak, by any resolutions which her dignitaries might conceivably pass in the century to come, more authoritatively than she did by her Articles three centuries ago. Dr. Mason protests against contentment with the unity of comprehensiveness or compromise, yet comprehensiveness and compromise are the very tools with which he would go to work. Unity, for him, is progressive; we are all scholars in a school wherein perfect unity is, not the A, B, C, but the crown of the curriculum. Nay, rather, we must not, any of us, expect to learn the lesson ourselves, but rather, we may hope to make such progress towards learning it that future generations, standing as it were on our shoulders, may at last be able to grasp the fruit of more perfect knowledge. Our metaphors, we are conscious, are a little mixed; but so are Dr. Mason's principles. Our best hope would be that many of Dr. Mason's readers, taking to heart the eloquent words in which he insists on "the duty of unity," and coming to perceive the inadequacy of the means which he proposes for the carrying out of this duty, may draw their own conclusion, and may seek peace and union where alone it is to be found, viz., in the bosom of that Church which alone possesses a true continuity with the past, and which alone affords a centre of authoritative teaching, of efficient ecclesiastical organization and government, and of sacramental and sacrificial ministry.

5.—NURSERY RHYMES.¹

The Second Book of Nursery Rhymes is from cover to cover a triumph of the modern publisher's art of turning out a dainty volume. But it is much more than this, and more than a passing source of amusement for children; indeed, there is much that will be perhaps beyond the ken of the little ones, and for a full appreciation of their efforts composer and artist must appeal rather to a maturer judgment. And they can appeal with confidence.

Mr. Moorat's melodies are tuneful without being trivial, and have for the most part caught, to a remarkable degree, the quaint spirit of the words; and if some of the most happy of them will not be so readily learnt, or even quite approved by the children, they will have their value as an antidote to the prevailing piano-organ type of music, and are in the direction of forming a sound and healthy taste. This seems to us a point of some importance. To specify: "Little Polly Flinders," "The Queen of Hearts," "The Carrion Crow," "I saw three ships," and "Old King Cole," will appeal to the youngest ears, while others such as "In fir tar is," "Sing a Song of Sixpence," "Pussy Cat," depending as they do on less tangible excellences, will meet with most approval from older folk. The harmonies are throughout masterly, and the level of excellence uniformly high, with no pandering to an ultra-popular taste which may have been a temptation.

Mr. Woodroffe's share of the task has been done admirably. He has had brilliant forerunners in this special branch of illustration, and to say that he bears comparison with them is to say much. There seems to us in his latter series of drawings a distinct advance upon the first book of Rhymes. His is a pleasing individuality of technique, and an honest freedom of treatment which is to be distinguished from so much reckless mannerism which is meant to pass for it. Only a just appreciation of the value of massed blacks and broad lights and of simple line could produce such genuinely decorative effects. A false and ignorant boldness would betray itself instantly, and his work will stand critical scrutiny. This is a notable point, that he has preserved throughout a due subordination to the main purpose, which is decorative illus-

¹ *The Second Book of Nursery Rhymes*. Set to music by Joseph S. Moorat. Pictured by Paul Woodroffe. London: George Allen.

tration, and as such his drawings should be judged. It is in this, too, that the improvement on his former manner is most conspicuous. So judged, "The Queen of Hearts," "Hey Diddle Diddle," and pre-eminently "I saw three ships," which is a really beautiful piece of decorative drawing, may be instanced as particularly successful; and in this respect, too, it would be difficult to excel almost any one of the numerous borders. A delicate fancy and quaint humour in interpreting the world-old, happy nonsense of Nursery Rhyme, will commend themselves as well to the little ones, as to those of their elders who are sensible enough to allow themselves to be pleased with these things.

A word as to the reproductions. We do not think it is too much to say that the tone of the original black-and-white drawings is perfectly, or almost perfectly rendered; and this, we rejoice to see, on a vellum-textured paper, in place of the highly-glazed quality which we have been so often told is essential to adequate reproduction. Compare the plates of the first volume with those of the second, and the superiority of the latter series will be manifest.

6.—THE REIGN OF PERFECTION.¹

Mr. Sweetman undoubtedly means well; and his little book contains some clever things here and there; especially in his attack on the cruder Darwinism. But when he thrusts himself forward as an exponent of the mind of the Catholic Church, and in that capacity puts out his own private hypotheses and conjectures to be accepted as solutions of the deepest problems of theology, we find it hard not to throw down the book in disgust. No doubt it is recognized that while no layman may interfere and dogmatize in medicine or law without incurring the charge of coxcombry, any one is at liberty to rush in where the trained theologian fears to tread; and that to protest against this liberty is surely to be an obscurantist. Still, when St. Augustine is flippantly classed and condemned with Jansen and Calvin; when the problems of merit, grace, and predestination are solved without the slightest reference to or apparent knowledge of current theological doctrine, when original sin is so explained as

¹ *The Reign of Perfection.* By Walter Sweetman, B.A. London: Digby, Long, and Co., 1896.

to show "that we are not really the worse for Adam's sin;" when the Real Presence is squared with Mr. Sweetman's "Berkleianism" without a suspicion that Berkleianism has no title whatever to be the philosophy of the Church—were it even the philosophy of the age; when the Council of Florence is set right by a private interpretation unsupported by a single authority—when the extremest and most heterodox theory of inspiration is presented as quite tenable—we really must stand aghast and wonder whether the virtue of common intellectual modesty has not become altogether extinct. No doubt it is his laudable desire to make Catholicism intelligible and acceptable to well-disposed non-Catholics which animates Mr. Sweetman to whittle away the truths of faith in this reckless manner; until he himself is constrained to confess that he finds it hard to see any difficulties in faith: "If it was not for babies, dogs, and passages of Scripture, as far as I can see, it would have none," and these he disposes of in the summary method aforesaid. The only authority referred to very extensively throughout is another work of the same writer entitled *Libertas*. We should be faintly curious to hear his definition of liberty, and how he distinguishes it from intellectual licence. It would be well for such impetuous thinkers to remember that the questions they settle so glibly have occupied and do occupy the minds of thousands of trained specialists in these matters, who are every bit as anxious as they are to secure the broadest interpretation of Catholic Truth; but who are held back from their extravagances by that reverence and modesty which springs from wider information and deeper thought.

7.—A POPULAR LIFE OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.¹

Many hands have been employed in the production of this book, for not even the three Capuchin Friars named on the title-page complete the tale. Mr. Francis Thompson has contributed an eighteen-line poem, dwelling upon the Saint's reputation as a restorer of things lost, to one end of the book; and Mrs. Elizabeth Vernon Blackburn has supplied an Appendix to the other end. For the rest, the little volume, bound very appositely in brown paper of similar hue to the old Grey Friar's

¹ *St. Anthony of Padua*. By Father Leopold de Chérancé, O.S.F.C. Rendered into English by Father Marianus, O.S.F.C., with an Introduction by Father Anselm, O.S.F.C. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

habit, comes to us clearly printed on good paper and furnished with an excellent reproduction of Murillo's famous portrait of St. Anthony in the picture known as "The Vision at Châteauneuf," which is now in the Cathedral of Seville.

The *cult* of St. Anthony can hardly yet be said to have established itself in England, although a beginning has been made by the formation of a guild at Crawley in Sussex. Nor, indeed, is this surprising when it is considered of how recent a growth is the French affection for the great follower of St. Francis, and that the charity known as the *Pain de Saint Antoine* is scarcely five years old. There can be very little doubt that to the inception of this charity by a good woman of Toulon in 1892, and to the numerous graces and miracles that have resulted, is due Father de Chérancé's little book, of which, in his Preface, Father Marianus of Olton says he has, in the volume under review, aimed to give "a faithful rendering" "without tying himself down too strictly to the wording of the text." It must therefore be a moot question which of these good Capuchins is to be condemned for the beginnings of an attempt, which the children of St. Francis will do well to abandon forthwith and finally—to make St. Anthony of Padua the author of the *Imitation of Christ*. Two timid efforts are made, on pages 42 and 94, to suggest this, without, of course, the production of any proofs. Nothing in the nature of proof of such a theory is capable of production. Whoever may have written the *Imitation*—a question which has not fortunately to be decided in this notice—one thing is certain, St. Anthony did not. St. Anthony was an apostle, a worker of miracles, an orator: he was not a man of letters, although he was a man of education. The few works attributed to him are in the nature of sketches—skeletons upon which he was wont to hang the living flesh of his spoken discourses. Mystic though he was, his was neither the mysticism of the *Imitation* nor the gift of putting that mysticism into literary form that St. Anthony possessed. Surely if there be a Saint less in need of borrowing the genius and attributes of any other notable Religious, it is the Portuguese wonder-worker. Cannot his spiritual descendants rest content with the record of his life-work and of the stupendous miracles of which he was the instrument, and which, as very few Catholics who have invoked his aid are not ready to bear witness, are continued even to this day? St. Anthony, so indefatigable in his work of restoring lost things to devout

and faithful persons, must be the last to desire that the reputation attaching to the writer of the *Imitation* should be taken from its rightful possessor and added to his own glories, of which he has, assuredly, a sufficient store.

The story of the Paduan Saint's career is told in twenty-two short chapters, each full of detail, and not devoid of pious reflection. They are, of course, more or less panegyric in nature; and, in fact, one can find little but praise to bestow on St. Anthony's actions, from the day on which he exchanged the Augustinian habit for the rough garb of the Friars Minor, to that 13th of June, 1231, when, being taken ill in his hermitage under the nut-tree of Campo San Piero, he begged to be carried into Padua, that he might die amongst his brethren, aided by their prayers. One point we are glad to see made by the author of this Life, in his account of St. Anthony's dealings with the Albigenses and Waldenses: namely, that these pestilent heretics "were in league with the Jews, those worst enemies of Christianity whose chief aim was to dethrone the Church of God, to pull down and destroy the institutions of the West, in order to enrich themselves with the spoils of Church and State." Although owing to the endeavours of St. Anthony, St. Dominic, and King Louis VIII., this intention received a set-back at that time, the Jews have long since accomplished their task in France. The combatants of St. Anthony of Padua were indeed, as Father de Chérancé says, "the Freemasons and anarchists of those times."

The admirer of St. Anthony will find in this volume all that it will interest him to know of his patron or benefactor. The best-known and most striking of his miracles are here set down; some specimens of his sermons are also reported. What may be lacking, in point of detail, is supplied in the Appendix, in which Mrs. Blackburn has collected a great deal of bibliographical information, and such as may shed a side-light on the Saint's more particular friendships. In dealing with Archbishop Peckham's *Legend of St. Anthony*, Mrs. Blackburn goes very far afield to cavil at (of all subjects in the world) the evils of modern game-preserving, to which apparently she objects on the ground that corn and grass-lands are "thrown out of cultivation for the sake of a month or two's sport." One hardly knows which to be most amused at—the ignorance and prejudice displayed in the remark, or the lack of logic, and the absence of a sense of congruity which drags a modern English

agricultural question into a Life of St. Anthony of Padua by the instrumentality of an Archbishop of Canterbury *temp.* Edward I. It should be added that Father Anselm's Introduction is a charming and thoughtful essay on the mystical and intellectual side of St. Anthony's character and mission.

8.—VERSES, SUGGESTED AND ORIGINAL,—AND GOOD.¹

In the midst of the "decadents" and morbid sentimental poets of the "minor" order, which Vigo Street and its vicinity sends out by the dozen volumes, it is beyond all things refreshing to meet at last with so manly and robust a figure as Mr. E. H. Lacon Watson cuts in his *Verses, Suggested and Original*, now before us. The healthy scent of the park and the turnip-field, the smell of burnt powder, the fresh breeze of the golf-green, or that which helps a rocketting pheasant out of gun-shot reach; the more quiet atmosphere of the whist-table, or even the billiard-room, the good, wholesome smell of a fine cigar or an honest pipe of tobacco—how preferable these to the hot, fetid atmosphere of the stage, the garish neighbourhood of the music-hall footlights, the sickening sweet odours of the ballet-dancer's *boudoir*, the bitter scent of burnt cigarettes; the stench of decayed morals and rotting manners; and the loathsome smell of the tainted mental food offered for sale by the minor poet of to-day! To these, from time to time, have been opposed the necessary counteractants. C. S. Calverley and "J. K. S." have brought us the relief of their frank and honest fun—classic, and of the most literary and polished type: the paradox, the parody, and the satire. And in the laughter they created, the foul memory of decadence was blown away. Mr. Lacon Watson may fairly claim to rank with Calverley and "J. K. S." in aim and intention, and to a certain degree in point of accomplishment. His wit may not be quite so keen as that of his predecessors; nor are his verses so facile or so polished. But they are all of them well-shaped, if a little rough-hewn: his touch is sure, if here and again a trifle heavy. And there is always the flavour of scholarship about them; and rarely that of the merely flippant.

He has not gone far afield for his subjects: they are

¹ *Verses, Suggested and Original.* By E. H. Lacon Watson. London: A. D. Innes and Co.

those that have come pat to his hand. "The Proposal," "A Quiet Rubber," "To Pollio, a Brother Bachelor," "Cricket Triolets," "*Ad Poetas Minores*," "Lines to a Coquette"—these are some of Mr. Watson's titles, taken very much at random. They serve to show the sort of wares he has to offer. As for the form in which he presents them, Mr. Watson gives no cause for an accusation of sameness. He has made almost every form of verse his own: the Ballade, the Roundel, the Triolet: each is aptly tuned to express his humour. He has even penned (whisper it not in the gates of anthologists) more than one "comic sonnet." But with these he mingles more serious verse; love pieces, reflective pieces—all, perhaps, of little higher calibre than those of the average modern minor poet, but all distinguished from the verses of these latter, by cleanness of thought, and freedom from affectation and "preciousness;"—in a word, by manliness, that quality which is unknown to the *Yellow Book* and *Savoy* poetasters, or to those who hold that indecency may transform doggerel into "noble numbers." But it is not for his elegant little addresses to Lydia and Celia, so much as for his more strictly humorous verses, that Mr. Lacon Watson will, we hope, be bought and read and treasured, as every one should who in these days provides such sane entertainment for our idle moments. Among so many and so varied pieces it is a little difficult to make a citation that shall worthily support our previous commendation. However, we may perhaps take—chiefly as being short—

THE DROWSY LOVER.

Sweet, let thy skilful fingers frame
A tune upon the lyre,
While I sit gazing on my flame
Beside the fire.

Sing me, I pray, some gentle song
That speaks of love and peace,
And do not marvel, if, ere long,
My talk should cease.

For, eyes and ears together lulled
By beauty such as thine,
I droop, as droops the diner, dulled
By too much wine.

Sleep is the compliment I pay!
Accept it, sweet, as such;
Nor frown, if, dozing while you play,
I snore too much.

Nor may it be out of place to add a verse or so from
 "September: lines on shooting:"

This is the season when, with suits of frieze on,
 And oil (in reason) on our hob-nailed shoes,
 We take our cartridges to kill the partridges,
 And all the art which is in us we use.
 In careful trying how to find them lying,
 And catch them flying with a dose of lead,
 Knocking them over in the roots or clover,—
"Three down, by Jove! a runner! No, he's dead."
 Then tired and muddy, to the cosy study,
 To watch the firelight glancing free,
 To sit a-thinking, with our eyelids blinking,
 Serenely drinking cups on cups of tea.
 Last, tales at dinner, for the young beginner,
 By some old sinner o'er the nuts and wine,
 Who tells his stories of forgotten glories
 (Which no small bore is, as they cut out mine).

Enough has been said to recommend this little volume of
 sound and entertaining verse to the lover of Calverley, and of
 whoever shall follow his footsteps so closely as does Mr. Lacon
 Watson.

9.—A BATCH OF GOOD NOVELS.

Despite the inappositeness of its title,¹ and the fact that its
 description is misleading, this collection of sketches of French
 Canadian life in the Adirondacks is altogether charming and
 satisfactory. We have long since sickened to death of the New
 England old maid and her "meetin' house," which is about
 the only species of country tale that American writers have seen
 fit to give us. There must be many a vein left untouched by
 the writer of fiction in the more anciently colonized parts of the
 North American continent: Maryland should yield fruit, even
 as Mr. Cable's New Orleans has; and Virginia, equally with
 New Brunswick, should prove as rich a ground for the short
 story-writer, the student of the native and the local, as even
 Bret Harte has found in the mining camps of the West, or
 Hawthorne and Mary Wilkins in New England. Mr. Walter
 Lecky has struck new ground, and excellent ground, in his studies
 of these delightful denizens of the mountain town of Squidville:

¹ *Mr. Billy Buttons*. A novel. By Walter Lecky. New York: Benziger
 Brothers.

populated by the French-Canadian emigrants, hunters, and wood-cutters, simple, pious Catholic folk, loving their *curé*, speaking their *patois*, fond of their little joke, sound of heart as of limb—generous, poor, honest, moral, and lovable. It is a pity that Mr. Lecky has not given us his book arranged as a series of character sketches instead of divided into chapters like a connected story—which it is not—and labelled with the name of one of his subjects, who figures chiefly in the last chapter as the victim of the only tragedy his volume contains. Mr. Lecky tells his story unambitiously in the vernacular of his creations. His style is sometimes a little incoherent and hard to follow: the result, perhaps, of inexperience in his art. But he is endowed with a saving sense of humour, as well as with a gift for distinguishing his various characters, and for making them live and breathe, and do human and Divine things. He is a master too of pathos, as the touching sketch of Père Monnier and his charity to the old French Comte—whom he meets in a second-hand book-shop in Montreal, selling the last of his library of rare volumes to pay his rent—and that which relates the story of the new bell for his little church, sufficiently prove. The two old guides and hunters, Billy Buttons, and Blind Cagy; Jim Weeks, the hotel-keeper; Milly De La Rosa, and Frankie La Flamme and his sorrows; poor old Henriette Benoit with her last tooth; are all charming characters: and the Methodist minister, who proves a fraud equally with Corkey Slithers, schoolmaster, spiritualist, robber, and murderer, excite our laughter and contempt. Mr. Lecky has given us a clever little book, and we can confidently recommend it to those who wish an introduction to new scenes and people in their fiction. We shall look for another volume of such sketches from his pen; better arranged and with a better title.

The Vocation of Edward Conway,¹ is a really excellent novel, well written, in spite of some eccentricities of grammar and spelling, abundantly furnished with dramatic and other incidents; not lacking in humour, perception of character, and a sound, common-sense exposition of Catholic principles. It is the work of a scholar too, and in some sort of an artist; although perhaps its perspective is a little faulty at times. If it could be dramatized (and the task would not be impossible), it should make a capital play. In the meantime, we have not the

¹ *The Vocation of Edward Conway*. By Maurice Francis Egan. New York: Benziger Brothers.

slightest hesitation in recommending it, as being as capable and amusing a piece of fiction, as we have come across for a long time.

Father Spillman, S.J., has done an excellent piece of work in the historical romance to which he has given the name of *The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon*.¹ His story is founded upon Hosack's *Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers* and the late Father Morris's *The Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*. Upon such a foundation one may well expect to find an historical romance capable of satisfying the somewhat exigent criticism to which such works are nowadays subjected; nor will such expectation be in vain. One is prepared to find the character of Mary of Scotland fully and properly vindicated; but hardly—knowing the difficulties that oppose themselves to the writer of history-fiction, who to succeed must possess the learning of the dry-as-dust with the brilliance and skill of the novelist—to find so lively and entertaining a style, so keen an eye for effect, and withal so rare a faculty of selection. The story is told by three narrators in the first person; nevertheless, its interest never flags, and it should be read by all who are concerned with the period to which it relates. It is quite a model of what the historical romance should be, but so often is not.

In *A Woman of Fortune*,² Mr. Reid has given us the story of a young American heiress, who, unlike most of her fair compeers, conceals the fact of her great wealth on her inevitable visit to Europe. Cecil Lorrimer is original in other ways, besides this most unexpected one, and the complications to which her peculiar lines of conduct give rise, are clearly and amiably set forth. Her character is carefully studied, and as carefully depicted, and the novel as a whole is picturesque and entertaining. The chapters descriptive of French life and scenery, more especially at the Château de Villemur, are exceptionally good. And of course its Catholicism is definite and sound. Altogether it is as satisfactory in its own *genre*, as the two preceding volumes: and may as fearlessly be commended to the reader of fiction.

¹ *The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon*. By the Rev. Joseph Spillman, S.J. Freiburg: B. Herder.

² *A Woman of Fortune*. By Christian Reid. New York: Benziger Brothers,

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

"A Son of the Marshes" has good ground of quarrel with his publishers,—in fact, several good grounds. In *In the Green Leaf and the Sere*,¹ he has done work as good as—possibly better than—has yet come from his pen. But the clumsy hand of the middleman has come near to ruin it all. To Mrs. J. A. Owen the publishers have committed the task of editing the eleven charming, chatty chapters on wild country life which, divided into sections entitled "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," "Winter," compose the volume. Mrs. Owen has neglected her task: a task for which she proves herself quite unfitted. She apologizes in a note for having been "unable to see the book through the press"—an essential duty of editorship. Incidentally she craves "indulgence with regard to a few errors;" and instances four. She will probably be surprised to learn that the volume to which she has placed her name contains upwards of six times as many of the most flagrant and inexcusable errors: errors due entirely to carelessness and ignorance. The book claims to be illustrated by one D. C. Nicholl, and another G. C. Haïté, whoever these may be. They certainly are not artists and as certainly not naturalists. Judging from his work here, we should doubt whether the former has seen even stuffed birds of the species he attempts to represent, and his nests are such as he might have built himself, but which no known bird could have accomplished. The illustrations—such as they be—are not well re-produced. Altogether the volume does distinct dishonour to editor, illustrators, publisher, and printer; and "A Son of the Marshes" would have justice, if not law, on his side were he to demand of Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. that they should reprint it at their own expense. For it is in reality a charming book: and need not fear comparison with the best work of Richard

¹ London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

Jefferies. "A Son of the Marshes" may take heart of grace from the knowledge that, despite his treatment at Mrs. Owen's hands and those of the publishers, his book is sure of a welcome for his part in it from all lovers of Nature and Nature's interpreters: and further that these will extend to him their cordial sympathy at the manner in which he has suffered.

The *cult* of St. Anthony grows apace. Messrs. Benziger Brothers have published a *Little Manual of St. Anthony*, which professes to be "a complete collection of prayers and devotions in honor (*sic*) of this great Saint." Its profession is more than fulfilled. For, in addition to a series of prayers for the devotion of the Nine Tuesdays (which practically embraces a picturesque Life of the "wonder-worker,"), together with a Little Office, a Litany, a Responsory, and numerous other devotions and prayers to St. Anthony for various intentions, the manual contains the Ordinary of the Mass in Latin and English; Vespers for Sundays; Devotions for Mass, Confession, Holy Communion, and Visits to the Blessed Sacrament; the Rosary, Way of the Cross, Morning and Evening Prayers, &c. In short, it is as complete a prayer-book as we have ever seen. The type and paper are excellent; there is a charming picture of St. Anthony for frontispiece, numerous illustrations and initial letters; a short account of "St. Anthony's Bread," and other pleasant features. It is published in every variety of binding at extremely moderate prices. In fact, it is so good that we should imagine it would pay the publishers to produce an edition for this country in which the English spelling of words should be substituted for the American style: which at present spoils the book from our point of view, and which must militate against its sale on this side of the Atlantic. In such a case the *Imprimatur* of an English prelate might easily be obtained; and the book should help forward the *cult* of St. Anthony in no ineffective manner.

Father Glancey has issued in pamphlet form four speeches on the Present Position of the Education Question, delivered by him at various places in the Midlands during the last twelve months.¹ They are just what is wanted in the present crisis to awaken Catholics to a sense of its gravity, being clear, terse, and above all of a fighting character which cannot but communicate something of the same spirit to those who read them. Father Glancey does not mince matters: he calls things by their right

¹ Newcastle-under-Lyme: E. Peake.

names, and deals his blows without compunction right and left, wherever they are deserved. But as he makes it clear in each case that they are deserved, and makes use of the cudgel of common-sense, unimpaired by any strain of passion, the recipients, though assuredly they will not relish them, can scarcely contrive to show that they are unmerited.

From the Catholic Truth Society we receive a new volume of tales by Margaret E. Merriman, "Mirli's Ring" and "The Mysterious Shrieks," both of which first appeared in the *Catholic Magazine*. The first of these is an exceedingly pretty story, of idyllic character, depicting the pious, simple life of the Swiss Catholic peasantry, with much local colouring, and describing how a heavy trial was faced, for such trials will appear amidst the most idyllic surroundings. The other story is ideal rather than idyllic, as to its characters, and, it must be confessed, disappointing in the weakness of its plot.

Lady Herbert's *Wayside Tales* have received so popular a welcome individually, that it is needless to do more than mention the fact that they are now being re-issued in collected form by the Catholic Truth Society, to whom they have been now entirely made over. The first series is issued in a shilling volume, containing fourteen tales. How great is the demand for literature of the same description is likewise evidenced by the issue of the sixth volume of *The Catholic's Library of Tales*, edited by Mr. Britten (sixpence), containing seven stories by various hands, in an exceedingly neat and convenient form.

From the same indefatigable publishers we have *Shrines of our Lady* and *Rome*, lectures for use with the magic-lantern (fourpence each), a penny *Life of St. Stanislaus Kostka*, another of *Mother Margaret Hallahan* (by Lady Amabel Kerr), and volume xxx. of the "peacock blue" series of the Society's publications. In these volumes, it may be noted, are gathered together papers dealing with very various topics to suit all tastes. In the present instance the selection appears to be particularly happy.

Two publications of the same Society demand particular mention. The first of these is *Leo XIII. and the Reunion of Christendom*, being the inaugural address delivered by his Eminence the Cardinal before the Conference at Hanley (one penny). The other, a leaflet entitled *But they don't*, supplies, in these words, an effective answer to various Protestant assumptions regarding Catholics.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (November 7, 1896.)

The Condemnation of Anglican Orders. A Masonic Encyclical. The Pelasgic Hittites. Our Congresses. A Rose and its Thorns. Reviews. Bibliography. Chronicle.
—(November 21).

The Letters of the Pope and the Negus. Our Newspapers. Modern Theories of Education. The Condemnation of Anglican Orders. Vegetable Physiology in the Nineteenth Century. A Letter of Ansonio Franchi. Archæology, Reviews, &c.

The ÉTUDES RELIGIEUSES. (November 14, 1896.)

A self-constituted Bishop on Education and the Future. *Father Burnichon, S.J.* The anti-Masonic Congress and the solution of a Mystery. *Father Portalis, S.J.* Anne de Caumont. III. *Father Chérot, S.J.* The nature of French Rhyme. IV. *Father Delaporte, S.J.* The unbelief of Merimée (conclusion). *Father Baniwel, S.J.* Ancient Languages and Literatures in Education. *Father Peeters, S.J.* France and Russia. *Father Prélôt, S.J.* St. Peter Claver. Chronicle.

It is announced that the *Études* will, starting with the New Year, appear twice each month, the bibliographical part, hitherto issued separately, being incorporated with the other.

DER KATHOLIK. (November.)

The formula *In Pace* in early sepulchral inscriptions. *C. M. Kaufmann.* The Correspondence between Abgar and our Saviour. *Dr. J. Nirschl.* The Curriculum of Studies in the Society of Jesus. *Dr. Höhler.* The Life of John of Lysura. *F. Falk.* Reviews, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (November.)

The Present Position of the Corporate Reunionists. *P. Ragey.* Bianco de Siena. *F. Vernet.* The Finances of the Constituent Assembly of 1789. *H. Beaune.* Some old Paintings of Spoleto. *Abbé Broussolle.* Pierre Loti. *Abbé Delfour.* Recent Books on Holy Scripture. *E. Jacquier.* Reviews, &c.

REVUE GÉNÉRALE. (November.)

The Second Empire. *C. Woeste.* Manuel, a story. *L. Denuit.* The Trade-Union Congress of 1896. *P. Verhaegen.* Accidents and the Committee on Labour. *C. Dejae.* The Tzars in Paris. *H. Bordeaux.* A Stroll in Vienna. *J. G. Freson.* Reviews, &c.

New and Select Publications of the Art & Book Company

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